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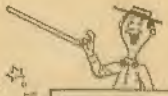

JUNE

15¢

Daffy Duck



DAFFY DUCK



10¢

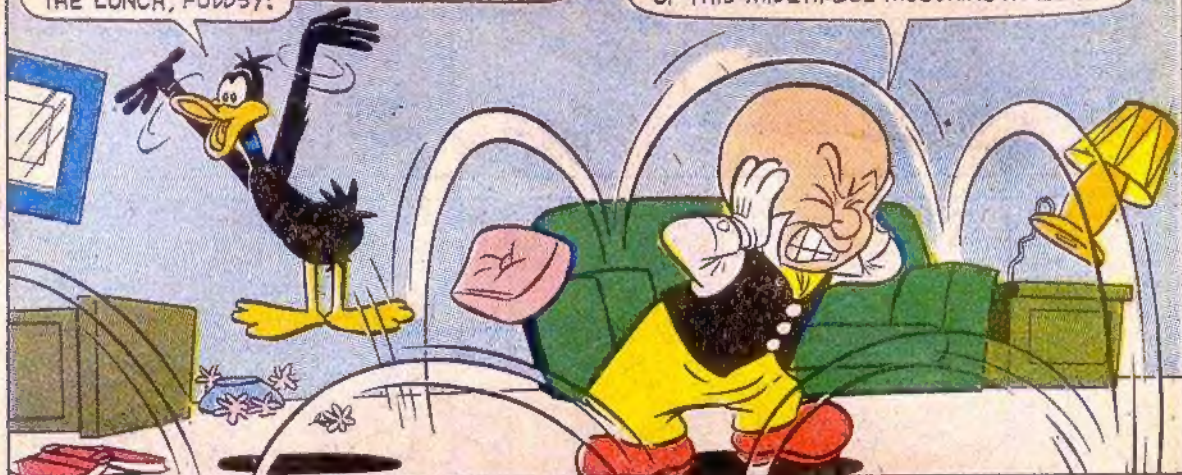


DAFFY DUCK

THE LEGIONNAIRE SCARE

WOO, WOO! WOO, WOO! WOO, WOO! THANKS FOR THE LUNCH, FUDDSY!

GRRRRR! I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS MISEWABLE MOOCHING MALLARD!



I'LL SEE YOU AROUND DINNERTIME, OLD BUDDY WUDDY!

NOT IF I SEE YOU FIRST!



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THAT PEST BEFORE I BLOW MY SMOKESTACK! HE'D MAKE ME LOSE ALL MY HAIR... IF I HAD ANY!



IF I COULD ONLY GET FAR AWAY ON A LONG FWE E VACATION. BUT...HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!



I GOT THIS IN THE MAIL SEVEWAL MONTHS AGO! THIS IS IT! A WAY TO DITCH DAFFY!



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LATER...

I TOLD ELMER I WOULDN'T BE BACK UNTIL DINNER, BUT I FEEL THE NEED OF A SNACK! I KNOW HE WON'T MIND!

FUDD

YOO-HOO! ANYBODY HOME? YOUR OLD PAL DAFY IS HERE! HMMM! NO ANSWER!

COME ON, ELMY! YOU DON'T WANT TO HIDE FROM ME! COME OUT! COME OUT, WHEREVER YOU ARE!

YIPE! ALL HIS CLOTHES ARE GONE! LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S RANSACKED THE PLACE! I BETTER CALL THE POLICE!

POOR ELMER! THEY PROBABLY TOOK HIM, TOO! SAY! WHAT'S THIS?

WANT TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL?

JOIN the

FOREIGN LEGION

URK! NOW I GET IT!

TRAVEL... ADVENTURE!

ELMER WASN'T ROBBED! HE *RAN AWAY*! HE CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! WHO'LL I TEASE? WHO'LL I MOOCH FROM?

I'M LONESOME ALREADY! FOREIGN LEGION, MAKE WAY FOR ANOTHER ROOKIE RECRUIT!

FUDD

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

PWIVATE FUDD WEPORTING
FOR DUTY, SIR!

AT EASE,
FUDD!

TELL ME, WHY DID THEY ASSIGN YOU TO
THIS POST? IT'S THE MOST REMOTE IN
THE WHOLE SYSTEM!

I WEQUESTED IT, SIR...
THE FURTHER, THE
BETTER!

STRANGE! I HAVE ANOTHER RECRUIT
WHO SAID THE SAME THING!

OH?

PRIVATE DAFFY DUCK!
FRONT AND CENTER!

DAFFY?
OH, NO! IT
CAN'T BE!

HI, ELMER, OLD PAL! I FIGURED YOU'D CHOOSE
THIS SPOT! LUCKY GUESS, HUH?
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES, EH?

SOB!

ER, DO YOU TWO
KNOW EACH OTHER?

YES, SIR! YOU CAN SEE HOW
OVERCOME HE IS WITH
EMOTION AT SEEING
HIS OLD BUDDY!

(SOB!)
BOO-
HOO!

SPLENDID! I'M GLAD YOU TWO KNOW AND TRUST
EACH OTHER! IT'LL GIVE YOU A BETTER CHANCE
FOR SURVIVAL ON A DANGEROUS MISSION!

D-DANGEROUS
MISSION?!?

YES! YOU ARE TO RIDE INTO THE SOHAIRY DESERT
AND BRING BACK ALI BEN ALLEY,
THE TERRITORY'S WORST CARAVAN
ROBBER!

BUT WHY US?
WE'RE NEW
AT THIS JOB!

THAT'S JUST IT! ALI BEN ALLEY KNOWS ALL OUR REGULAR MEN... THEY'VE ALL TRIED TO CAPTURE HIM! HE WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU TWO! YOU DON'T EVEN LOOK LIKE LEGIONNAIRES!



YOU'LL DRESS IN THESE CLOTHES AND RIDE OUT ON A CAMEL CARAVAN! ALI IS SURE TO TRY AND ROB YOU!



AND THEN YOU CAPTURE HIM INSTEAD!

OH, IT'LL BE AS EASY AS THAT, HUH? YOU HAD ME WORRIED FOR A WHILE THERE!



THAT'S THE SPIRIT, MEN! MAYBE IF THE OTHER TWENTY-THREE MEN I'VE SENT OUT TO CAPTURE ALI HAD THE SAME CONFIDENCE, THEY MIGHT BE AROUND TODAY!

ULP!



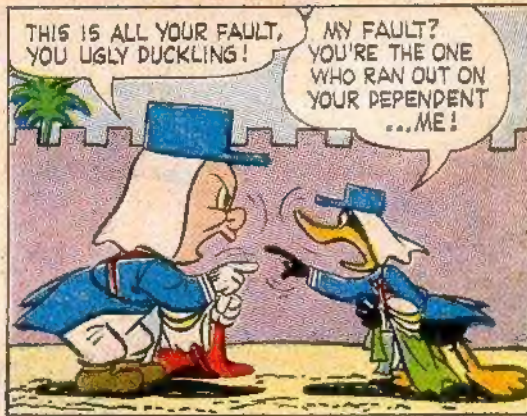
BY THE WAY, IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG, WE SEND OUT A RESCUE PARTY AFTER THREE DAYS!

SWELL!



THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT, YOU UGLY DUCKLING!

MY FAULT? YOU'RE THE ONE WHO RAN OUT ON YOUR DEPENDENT... ME!



DON'T BLAME ME, DUCK!

YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!



GOOD WORK, MEN! PRACTICING HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT BEFORE THE BIG MISSION, EH?

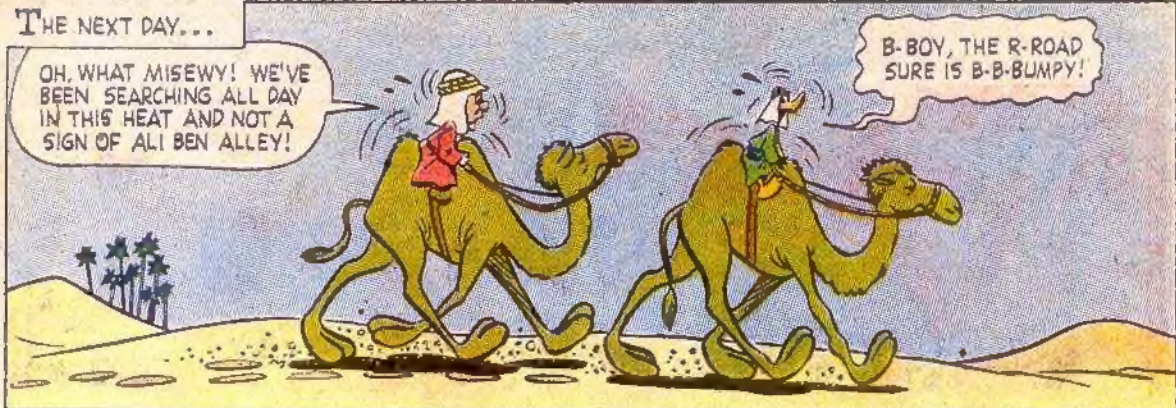
AYE, AYE, SIR!



THE NEXT DAY...

OH, WHAT MISEWY! WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING ALL DAY IN THIS HEAT AND NOT A SIGN OF ALI BEN ALLEY!

B-BOY, THE R-ROAD SURE IS B-B-BUMPY!



LOOK, ELMER! THERE'S SOMEONE BEHIND THAT SAND DUNE!

IT MUST BE OUR MAN! THE COMMANDER SAID HE'S THE ONLY ONE THAT'D BE IN THIS AREA!

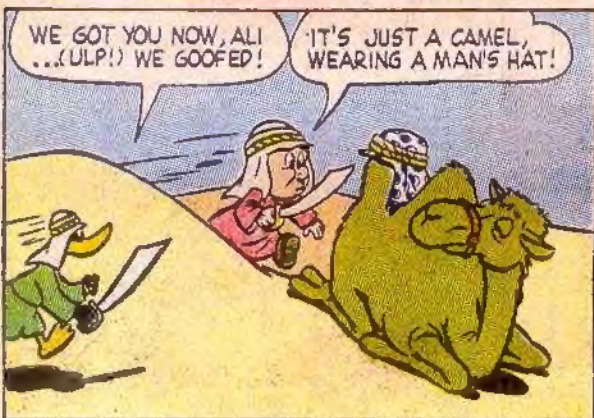


WHAT A BREAK! IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S ASLEEP!



WE GOT YOU NOW, ALI... (ULP!) WE GOOFED!

IT'S JUST A CAMEL, WEARING A MAN'S HAT!



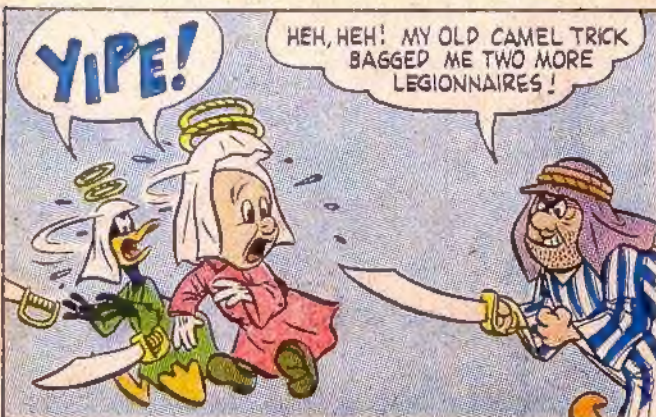
THAT DESERT CROOK IS PROBABLY NOT WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG! DROP YOUR SWORDS!



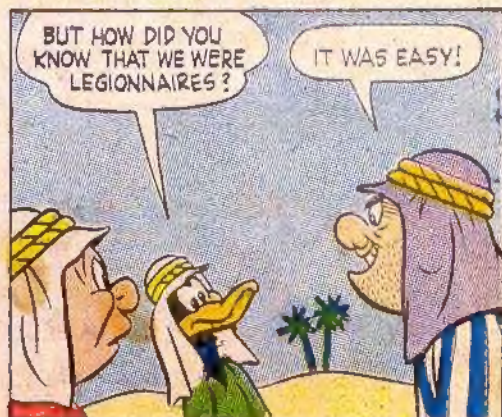
YIPE!

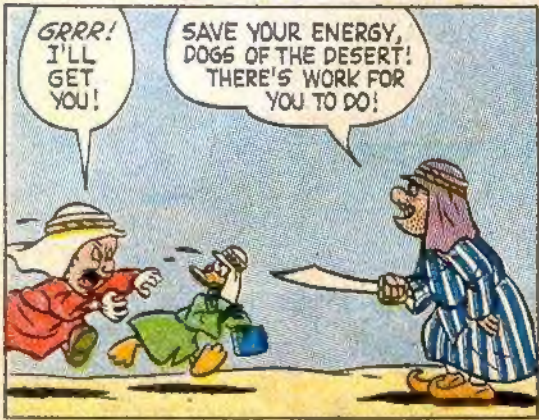
HEH, HEH! MY OLD CAMEL TRICK BAGGED ME TWO MORE LEGIONNAIRES!

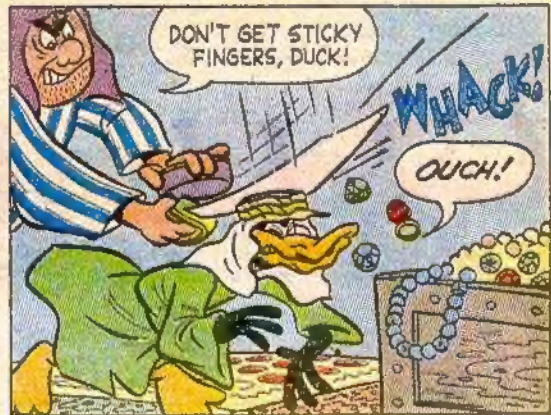


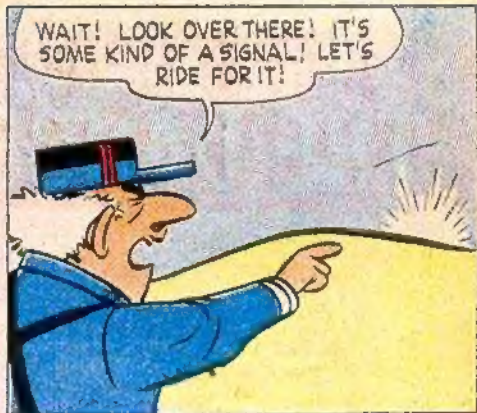
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT WE WERE LEGIONNAIRES?

IT WAS EASY!









DAFFY DUCK

THE DANGEROUS DRAWING

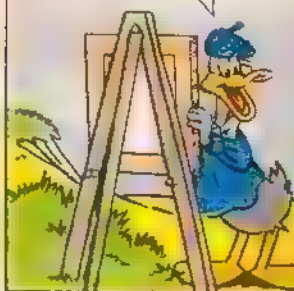
YOO-HOO!
GOOD DAY,
DAFFY,
OLD
CHAP:

DOGGONE, HERE COMES THAT BRAGGING
DAUBER VAN DUCK! HE THINKS HE'S
BETTER THAN ANYONE ELSE, JUST
BECAUSE HE'S AN ARTIST!



I HAVE DECIDED TO IMMORTALIZE
YOUR HUMBLE COUNTRY'S DE BY
CAPTURING IT ON MY CANVAS.

TELL ME, DAJBER,
WERE YOU ALWAYS
THIS MODEST, OR
DID IT HAPPEN
LATELY?



I REALIZE YOU WERE MAKING A POOR ATTEMPT AT
A JEST, BUT WHY BE MODEST WHEN I'M SO
OBVIOUSLY TALENTED? THERE IS
NOTHING I DON'T EXCEL IN!

OH, YEAH? THERE
ARE PLENTY OF THINGS
I CAN DO BETTER
THAN YOU!

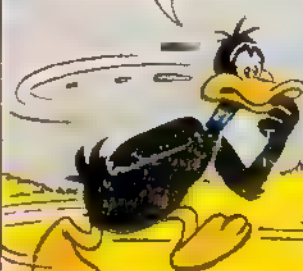


LIKE WHAT, FOR INSTANCE?

(J.L.P.) I WAS AFRAID
YOU'D ASK THAT!



(MUMBLE, MUMBLE!) I'M NOT SUCH A HOT
FLYER! LET'S SEE...BASEBALL...NO...
RUNNING...SWIMMING...NO...



MOOCHING! THAT'S IT, MOOCHING! I AM THE **WORLD'S CHAMPION MOOCHER!**

HUMPH! HARDLY ANYTHING TO BRAG ABOUT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, FEATHER FACE? I TOLD YOU I WAS BETTER AT SOMETHING, DIDN'T I?

I DON'T USUALLY PARTICIPATE IN SUCH CHILD'S PLAY, BUT TO PROVE MY POINT, I WILL BET THAT I CAN DO EVEN **THAT BETTER THAN YOU!**

IT'S A BET! WE'LL TRY IT OUT ON THE FIRST HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD!

WHICH JUST HAPPENS TO BE ELMER FUDD'S HOUSE! HEH, HEH, HEH!

AGREED!

SHORTLY..

OKAY, DAUBER! NOW YOU'LL SEE A REAL CHAMP IN ACTION!

OH, HELLO, DAFFY!

DON'T YOU HELLO ME, YOU BORROWING BUZZARD!

WHAT?

COME ON, COME ON! I'LL JUST TAKE MY PLATE AND GO!

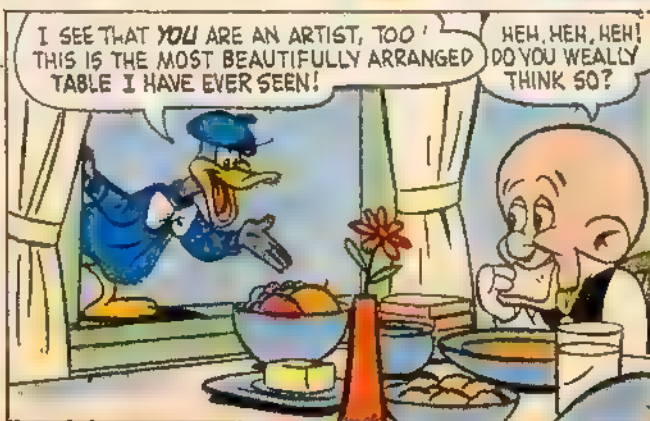
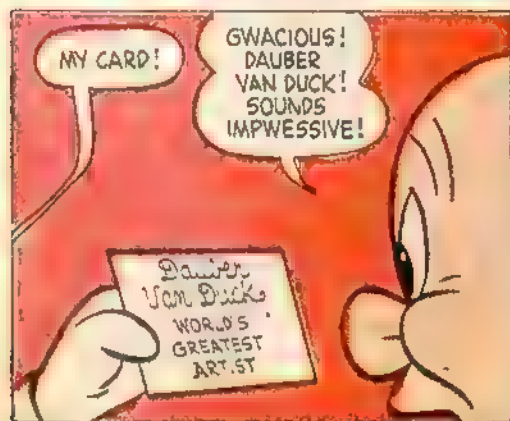
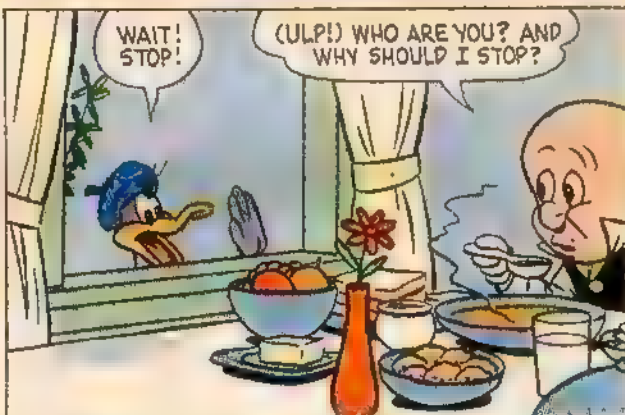
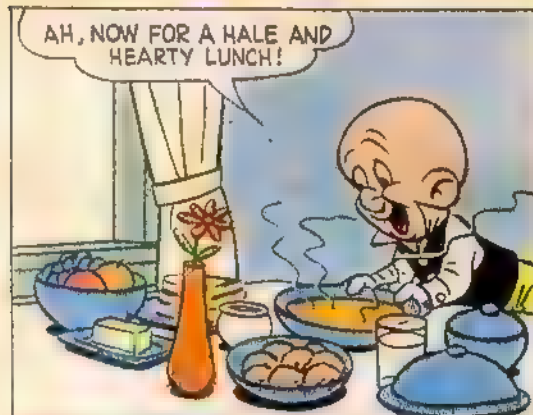
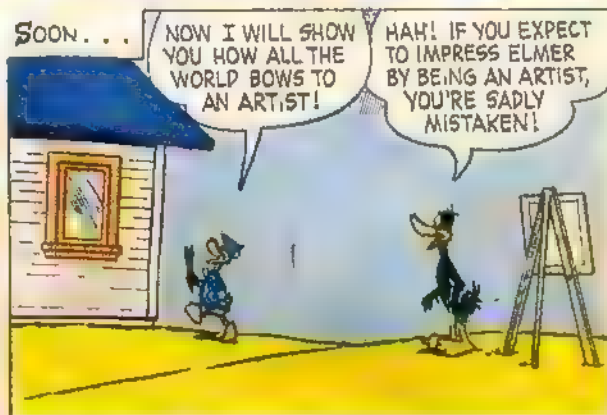
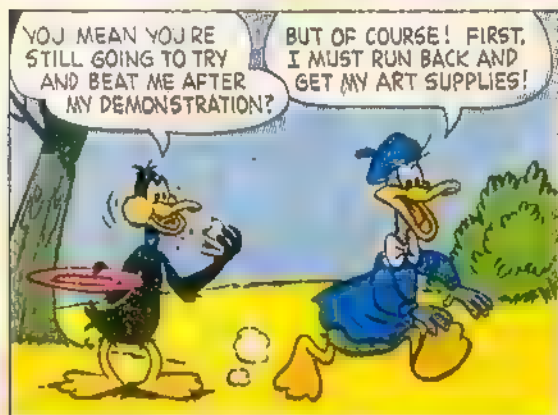
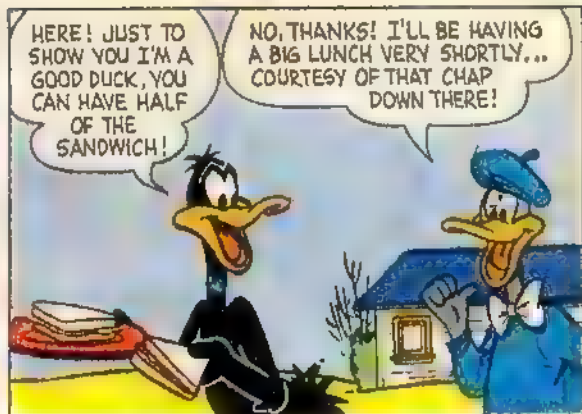
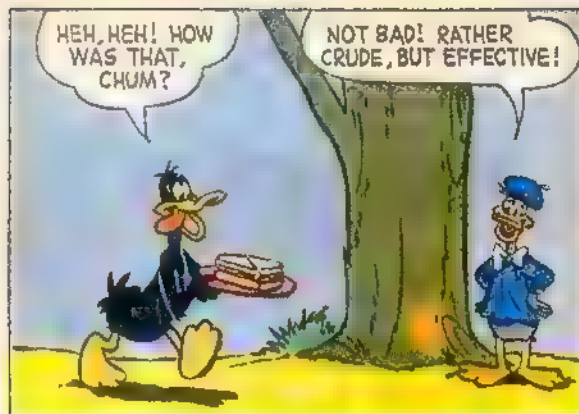
YOU BORROWED THIS PLATE OVER A MONTH AGO, AND NEVER BROUGHT IT BACK!

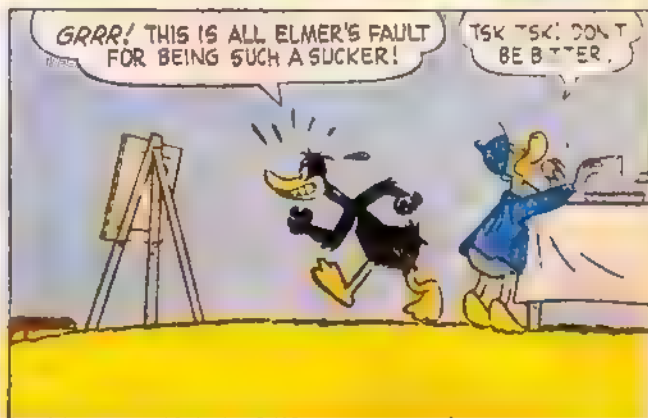
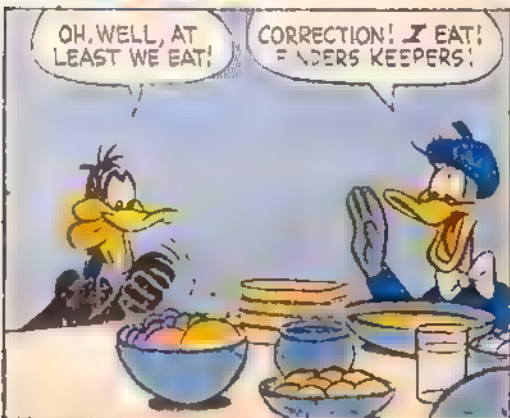
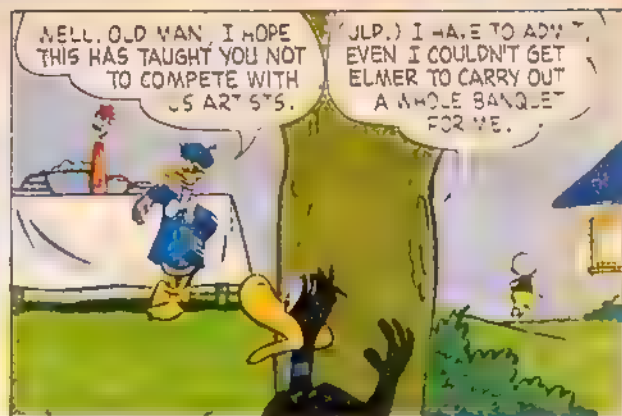
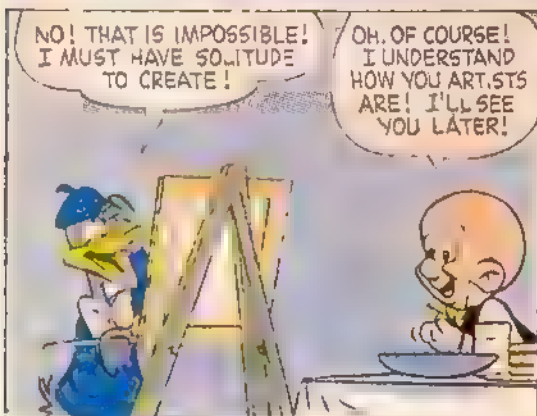
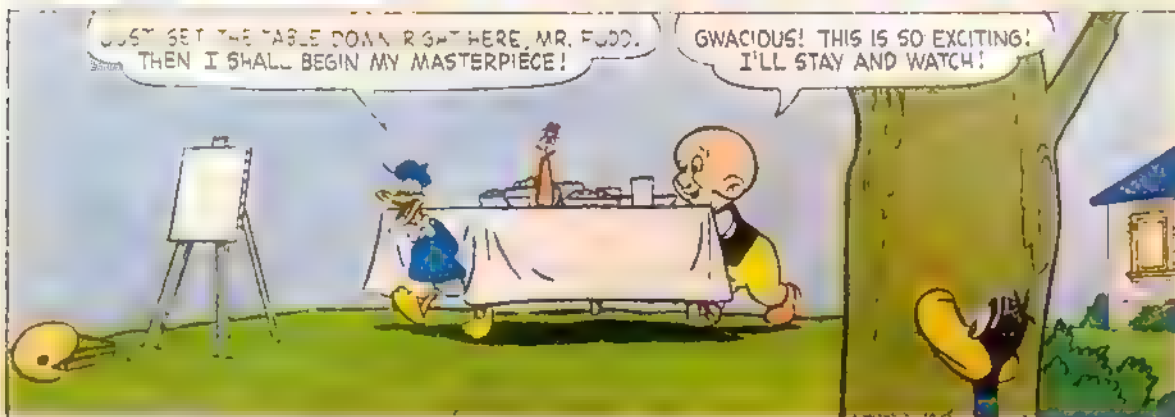
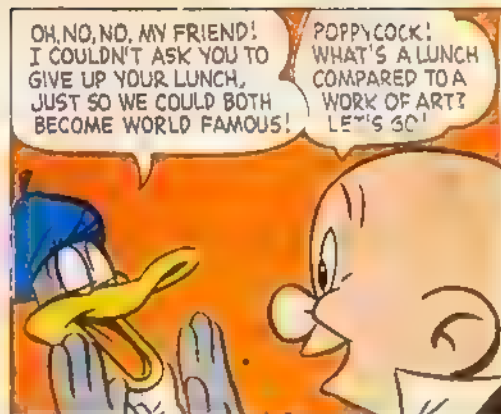
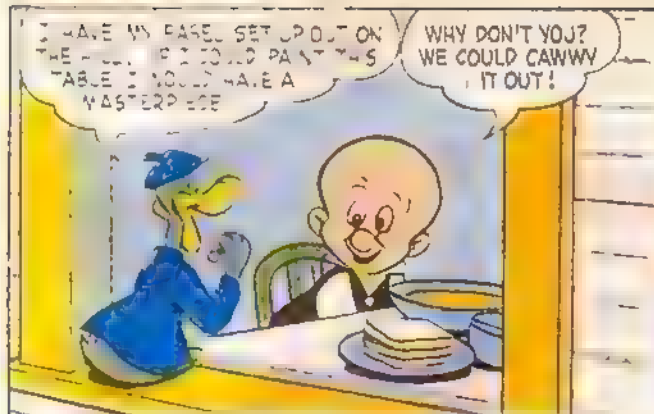
I'M SORRY, DAFFY! IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED MY MIND!

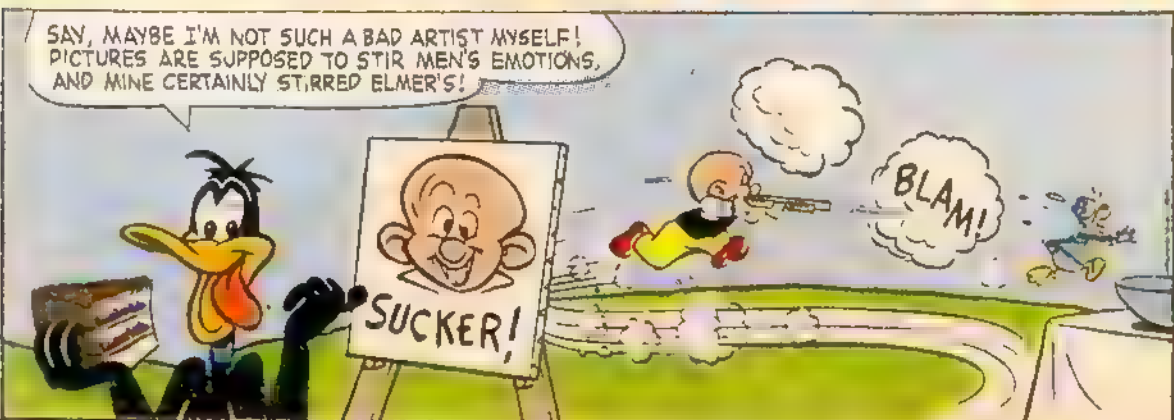
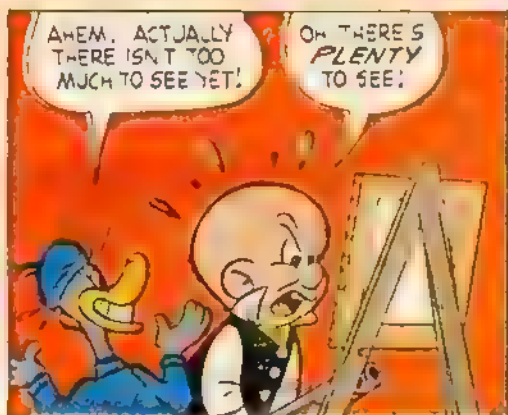
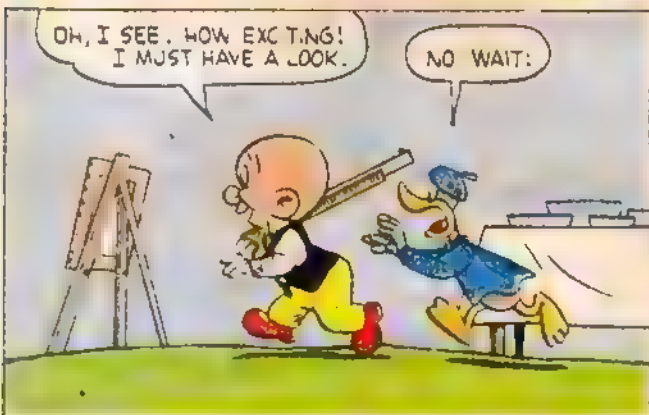
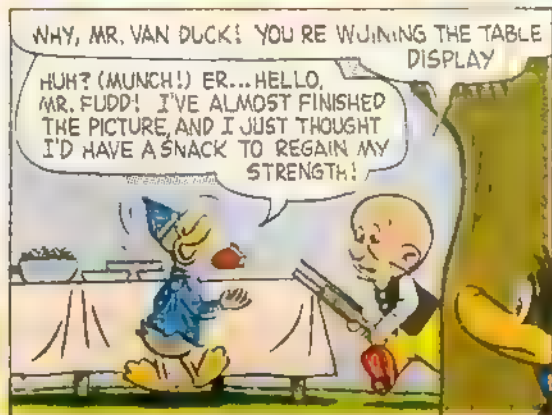
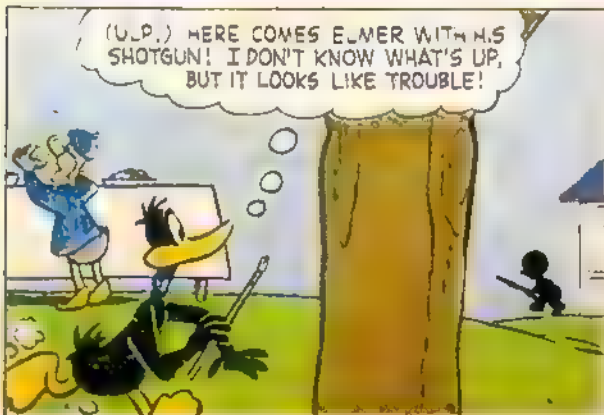
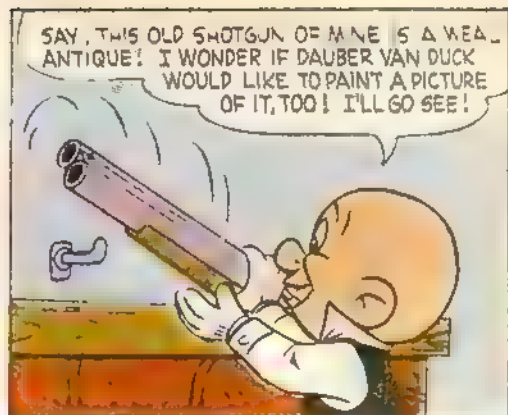
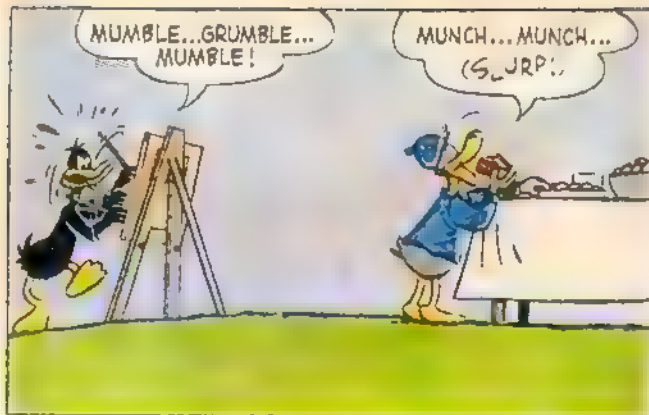
ER...I'LL WASH IT OFF FOR YOU, IF YOU LIKE!

NO, THANKS! I'LL **CLEAN IT UP MYSELF!**

HAM SANDWICH AND ALL! YUMM! YUMM!







THE GO-SLOW BURRO



"Eh, Little Pancho, ees eet true that your papacito ees going to race hees burro against Jose Nogales at the fiesta thees afternoon?" a friend asked Little Pancho Vanilla.

"Sí, Fernando, that ees true," Little Pancho replied proudly.

"Eet ees said een the village that your papacito and hees burro are the two laziest creeters in all of Chilivania," Fernando tittered slyly. "Eef that ees true, then why does your papacito bother to enter a race against Señor Nogales and hees burro who are the two fastest creeters in Chilivania?"

"My papacito says eet ees because nobody else een the whole village weel race against Señor Nogales any more," Little Pancho explained. "And as he says without a race, a fiesta weel not be complete. Besides," he added, "he hopes to ween the race somehow in order to put an end to the way Señor Nogales ees always bragging about how good he ees."

That afternoon when the fiesta was in full swing, Little Pancho looked everywhere for his father and finally discovered him and his burro in one corner of the village square where they were both fast asleep.

"Oh, Papaçito," he groaned, shaking his father's shoulders to wake him up. "You shouldn't be sleeping. The race ees about to start. You should be all excited."

"I am too sleepy to get excited," Señor Vanilla yawned. "Besides," he added with a wink, "not all races are won on speed alone."

Señor Vanilla and Little Pancho made their way to the starting point of the race. Jose Nogales was standing in front of the large crowd, busily telling them how fast he and his burro were.

"Sí, tell them all about how you've won

the races for the past five years," Señor Vanilla yawned.

At that moment a gun was shot off, signaling the start of the race.

Jose and his burro were away from the starting line in a flash. Down the street they sped in a cloud of dust.

Señor Vanilla nudged his own burro slightly. "Eh, leetle wan, eet ees time to start the race now, I theenk," he sighed.

The burro opened both eyes with surprise, but then obediently started to trot.

"Not so fast, leetle wan," Señor Vanilla clucked. "You'll get all worn out."

Just then Jose looked back and laughed. He sped back to Señor Vanilla and raced his burro around and around him.

"See how I ride circles around heem, my friends," he laughed to the crowd.

"Oh, papacito," Little Pancho pleaded hoarsely as he kept pace with his father, "please tell your burro to go faster."

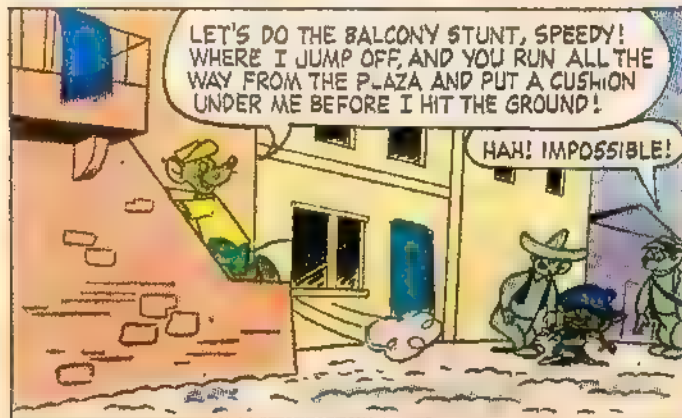
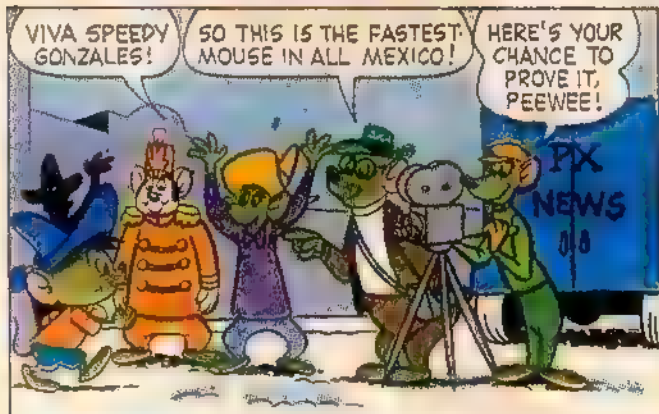
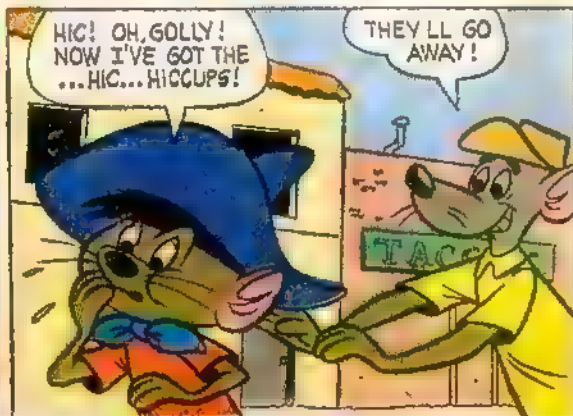
"No, no," Señor Vanilla replied. "I'm telling heem to go slower!"

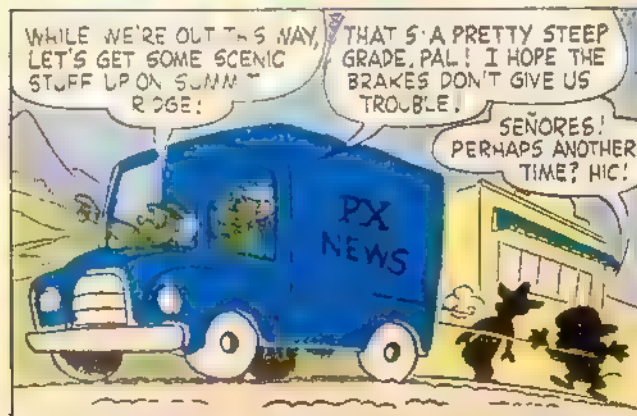
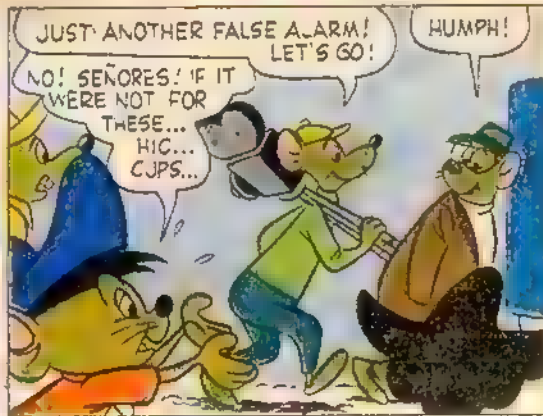
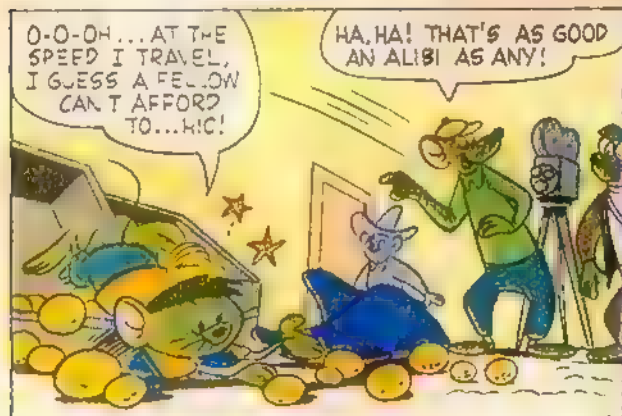
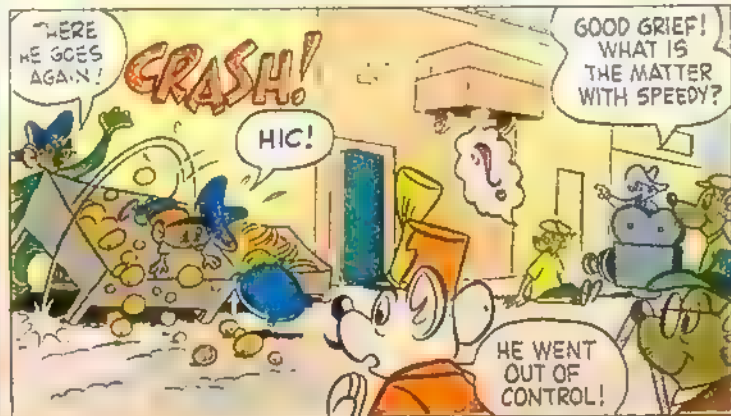
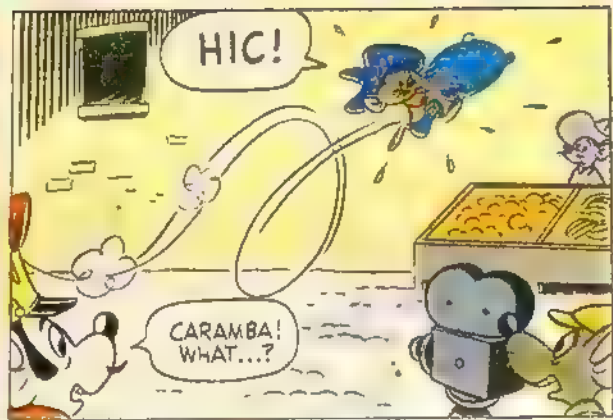
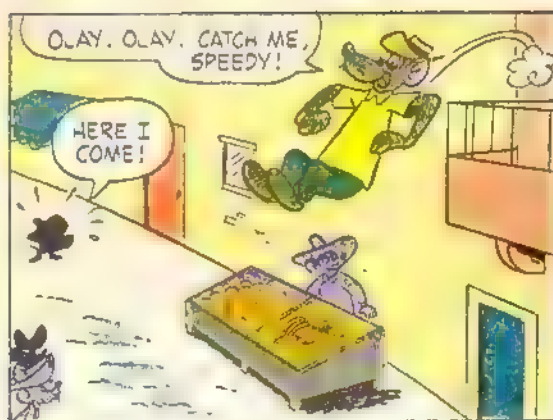
When Jose saw this happening, he laughed all the louder and lingered behind to brag and make jokes with the crowd. But when he took up the race again a short time later, he discovered to his dismay that he could not overtake Little Pancho's papacito in time to win the race.

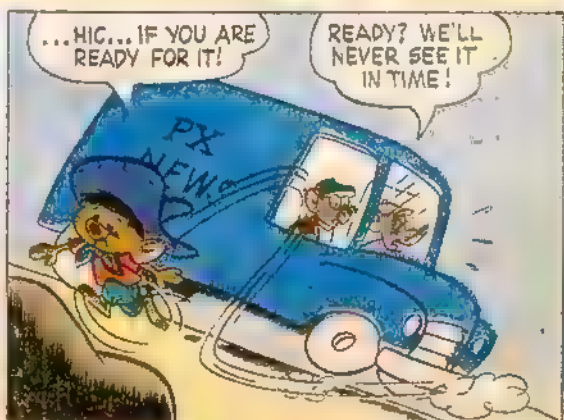
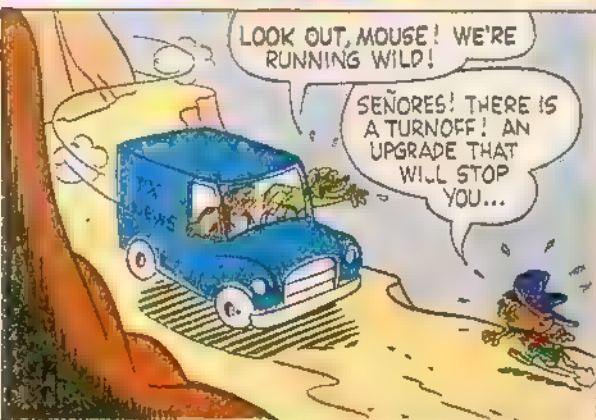
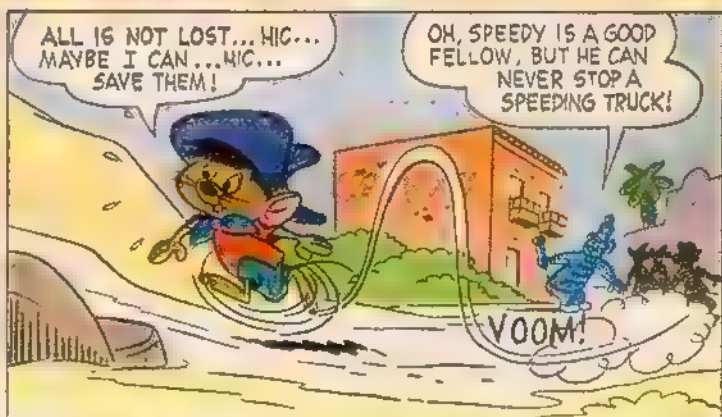
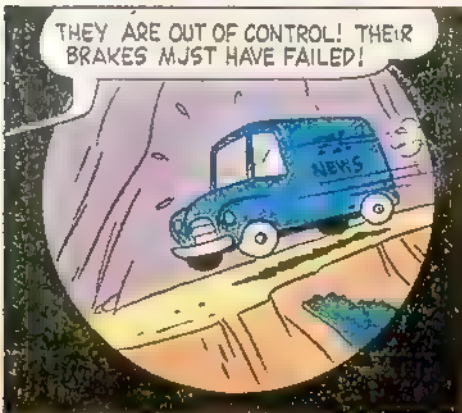
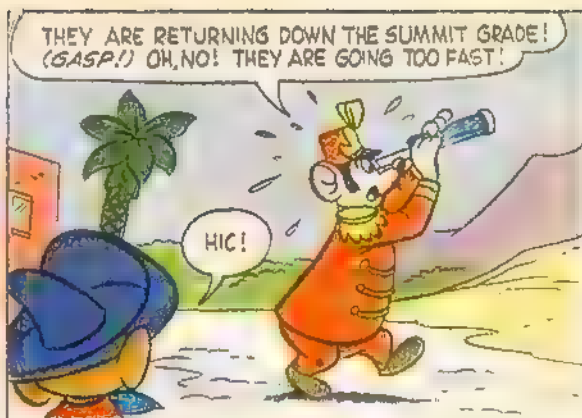
"You deed eet!" Little Pancho cheered.

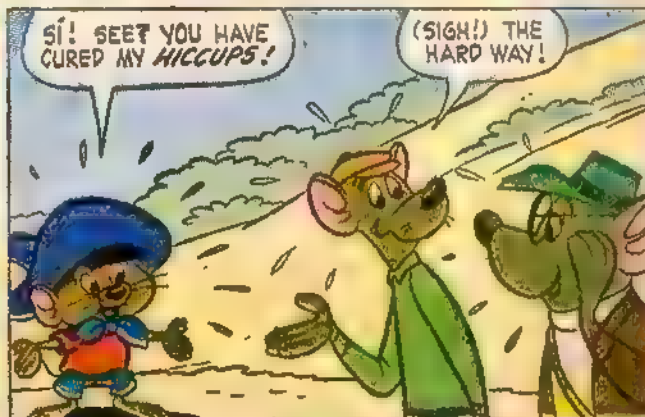
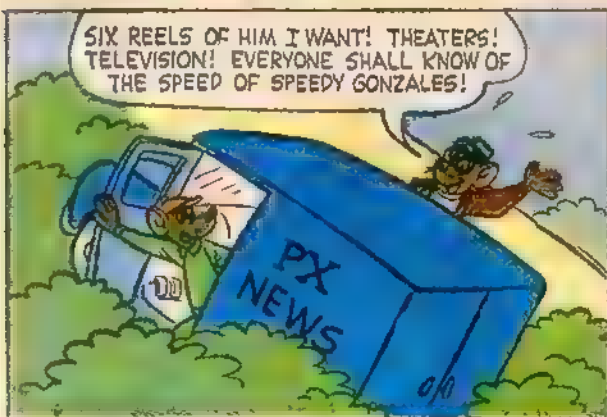
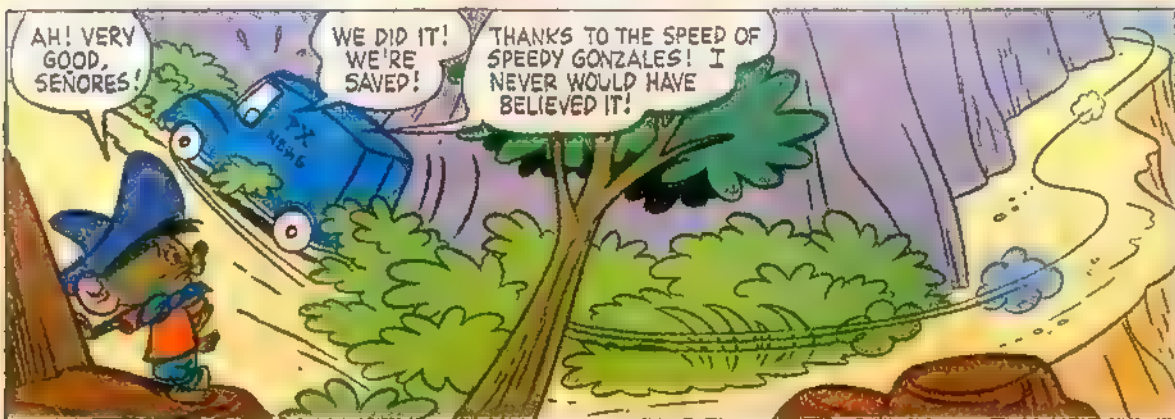
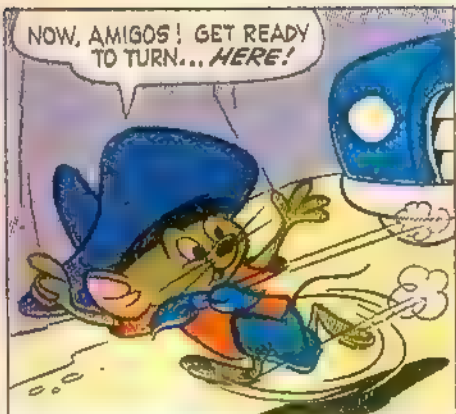
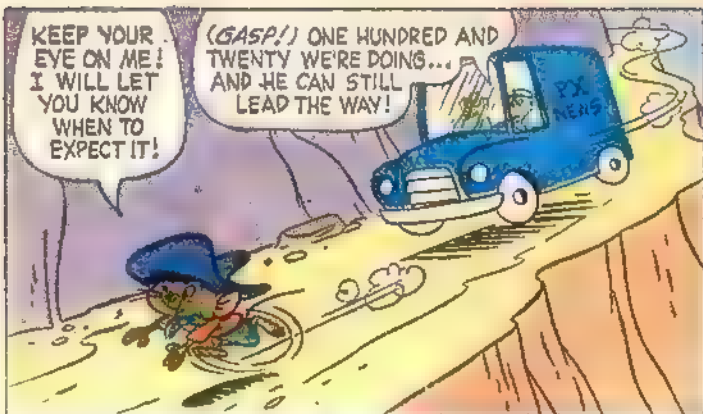
"I deed eet by making my burro walk," Señor Vanilla shrugged modestly. "When Jose saw how slowly we were going, he became overconfident and lingered to brag weeth the crowd too long. That," he added with a wink, "ees what I meant when I said that not all races are won on speed alone. Thees ees one race where the winner walked away weeth the prize!"

Speedy Gonzales THE HICCUP CURE









DAFFY DUCK FAN FUN

I HAVE A TICKET FOR THE BALL GAME! I'M GOING TO WOOT FOR THE WED SOCKS! IT'S MY FAYOWITE TEAM!

BEING A GREEN SOCKS FAN, I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT GAME! BUT ALAS, I HAVE NO TICKET!

DEAR PAL, WOULD YOU HELP A POOR DUCK GET A DUCAT FOR THE GAME?

NO!...YOU GWEEN SOCKS FAN!

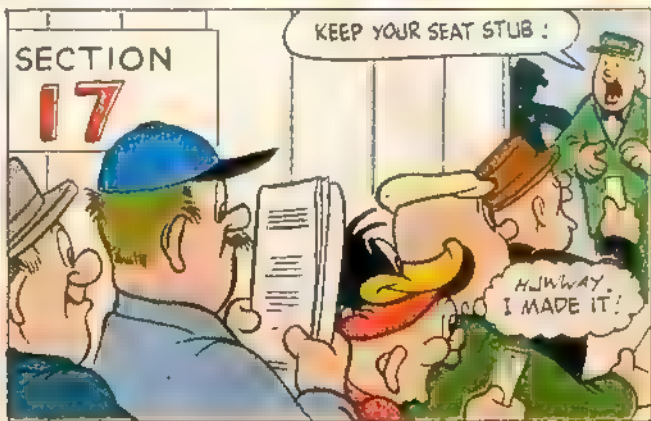
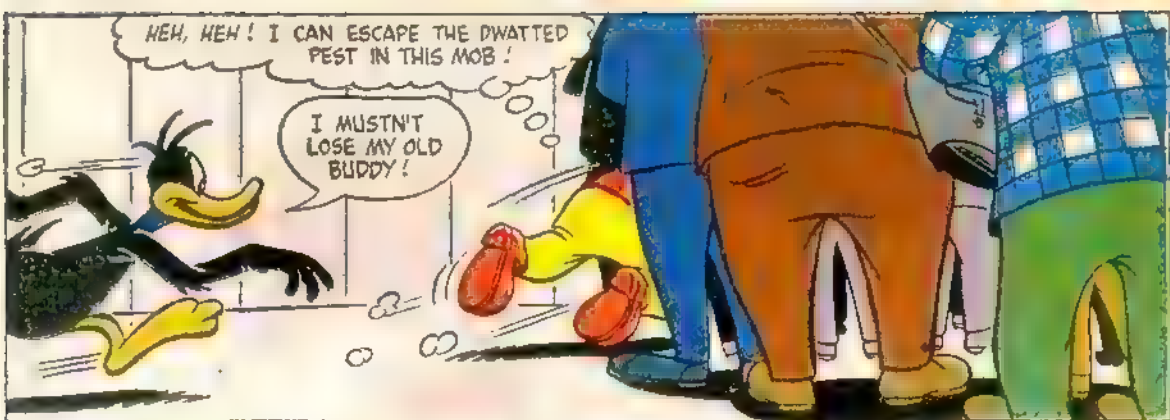
JUST THE PRICE OF A BLEACHER'S TICKET, FUDDY DUDDY!

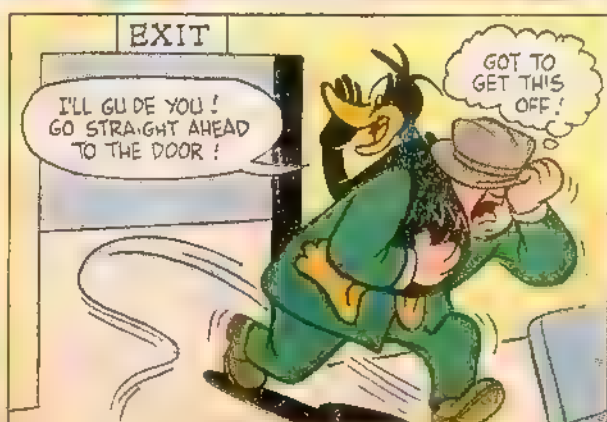
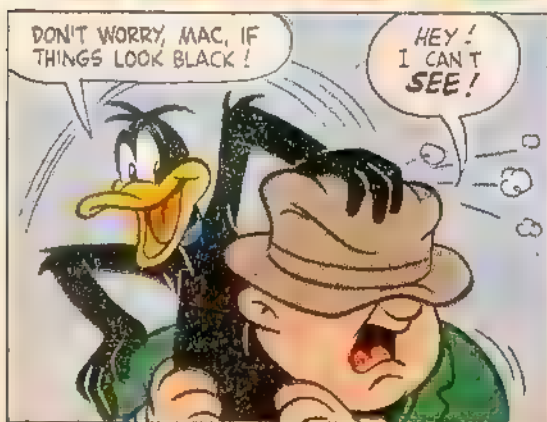
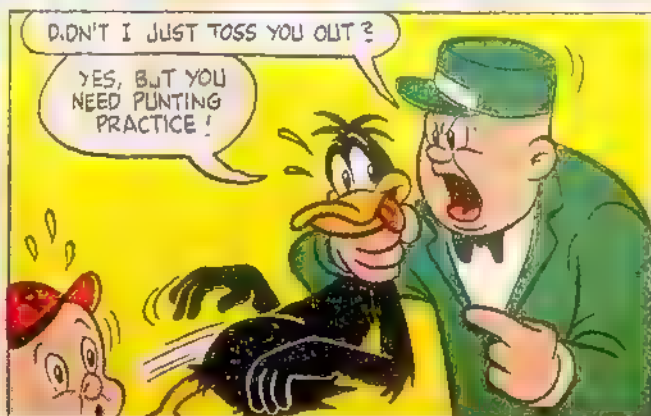
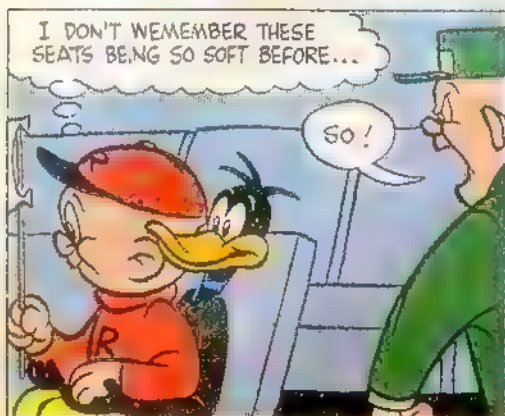
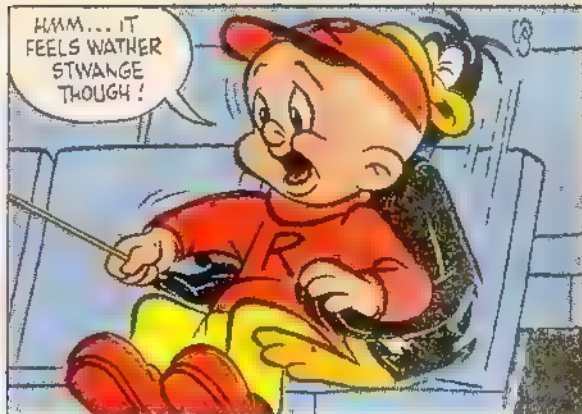
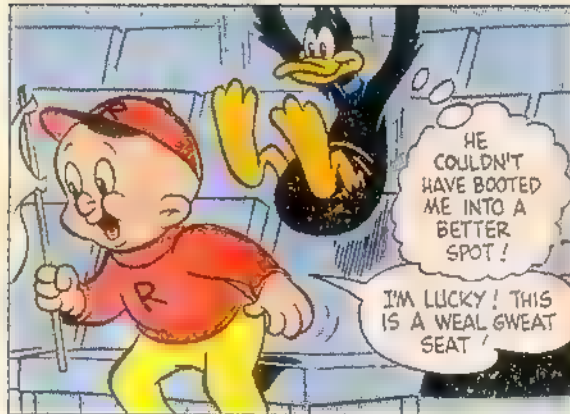
I'VE GOT TO GET WID OF THAT WASCAL!

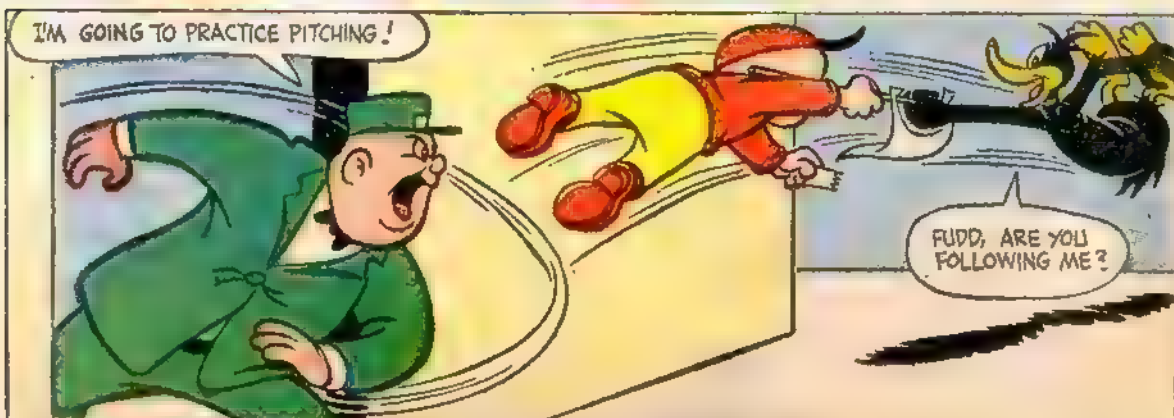
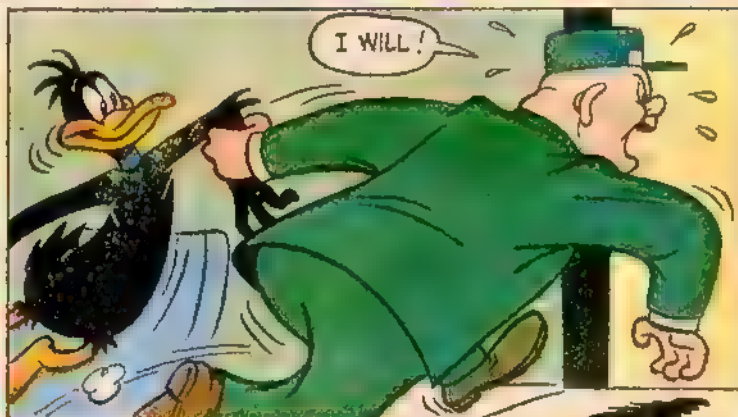
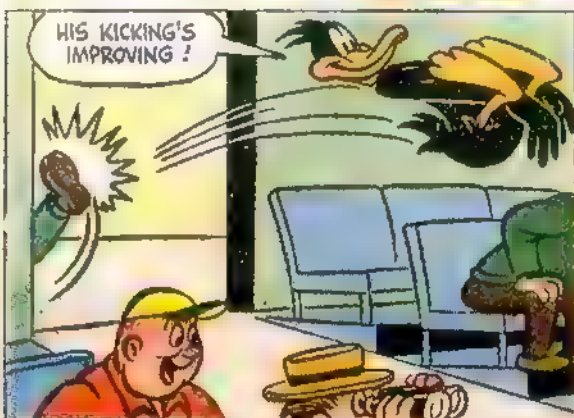
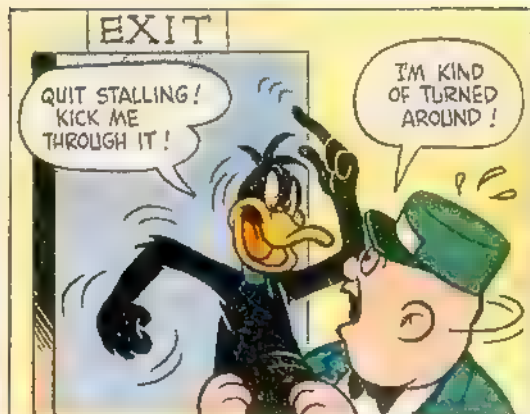
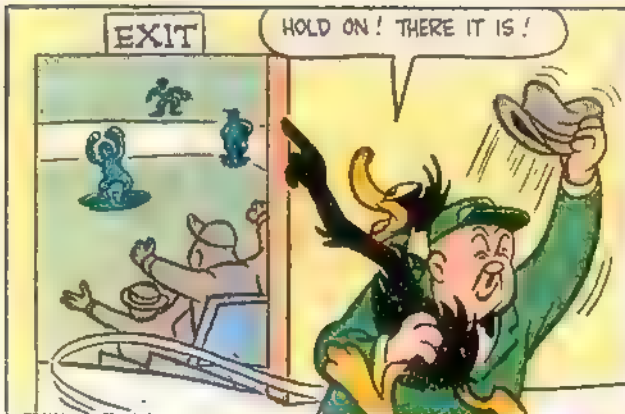
GOOD! THERE'S A BIG COWD AT THE GATE!-

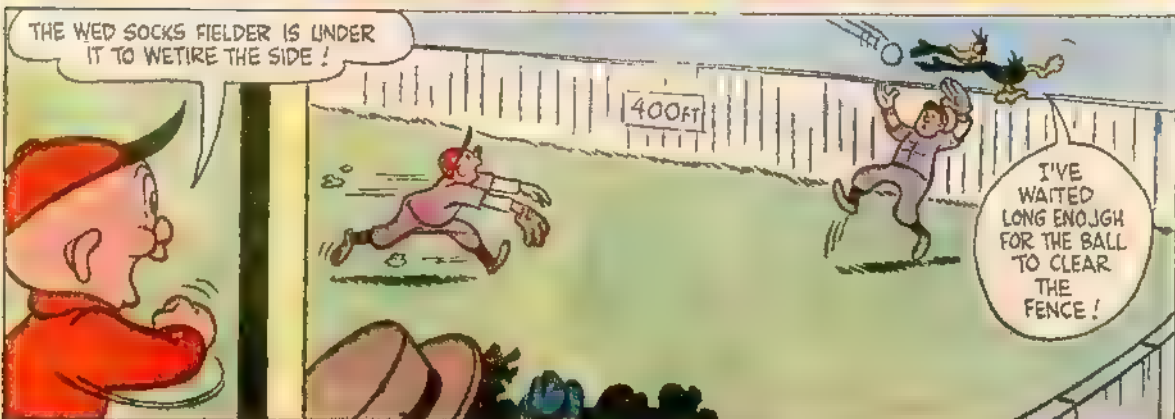
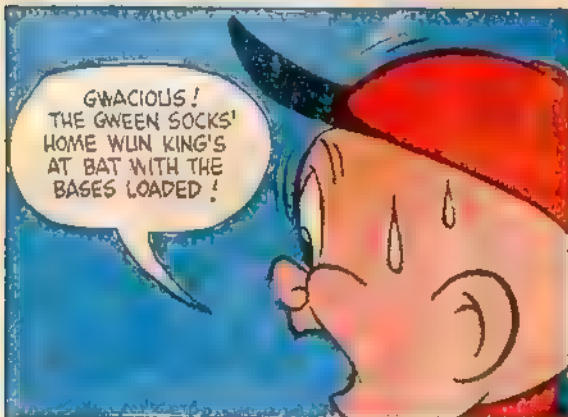
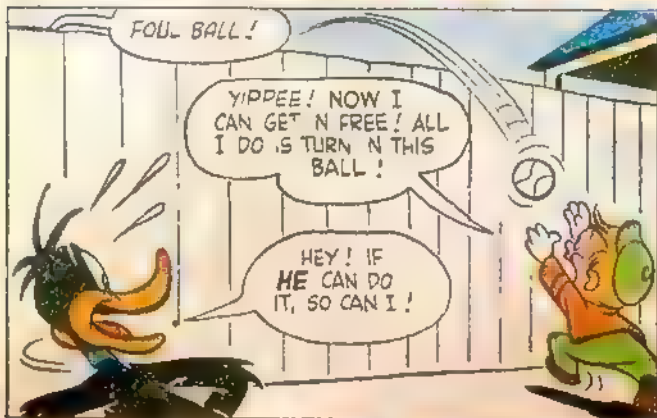
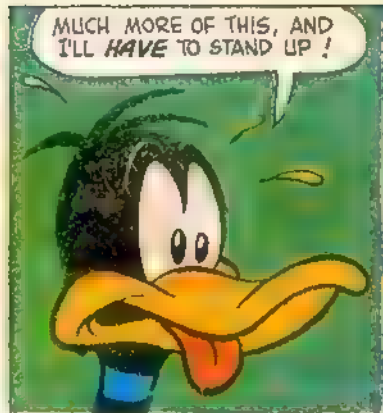
BASEBALL TODAY
TICKET OFFICE

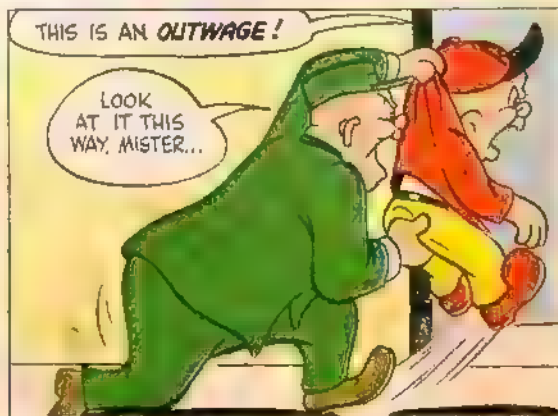
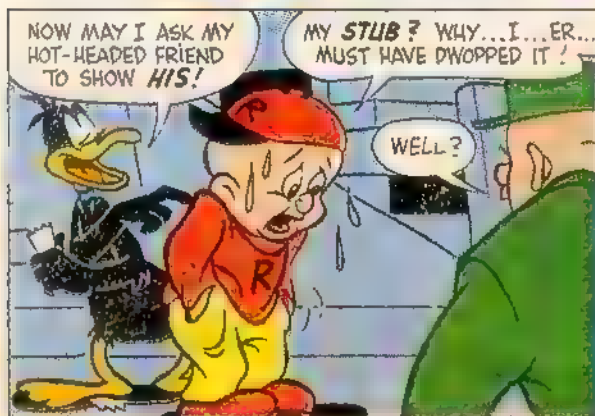
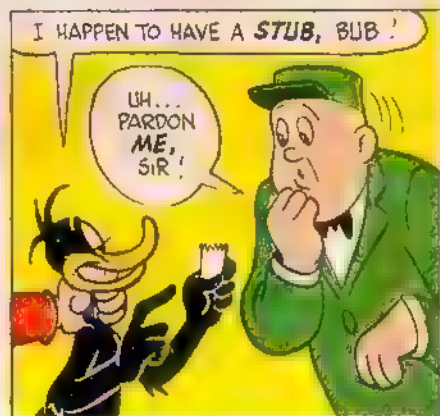
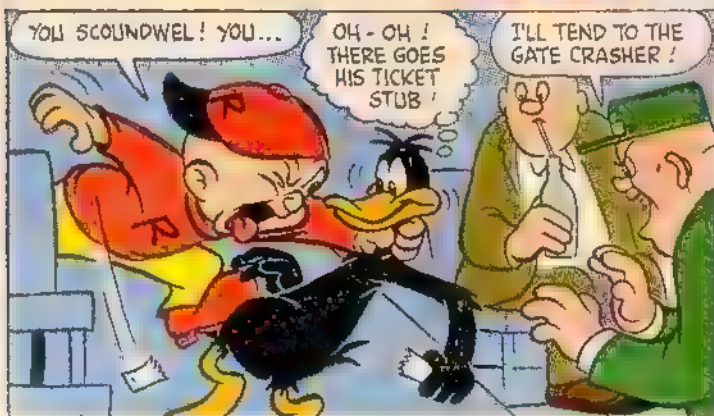
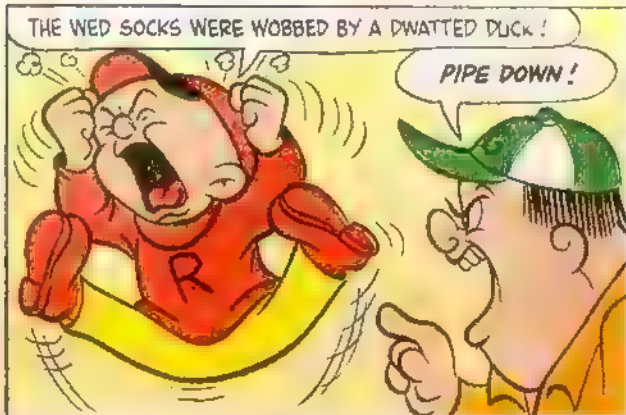
QUIT SHOVING!

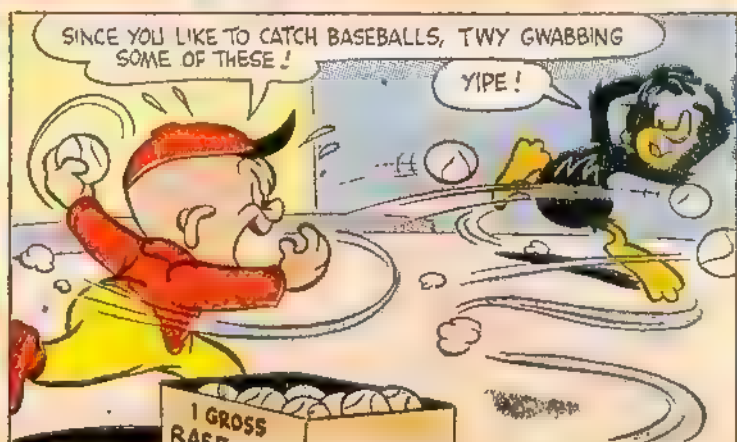
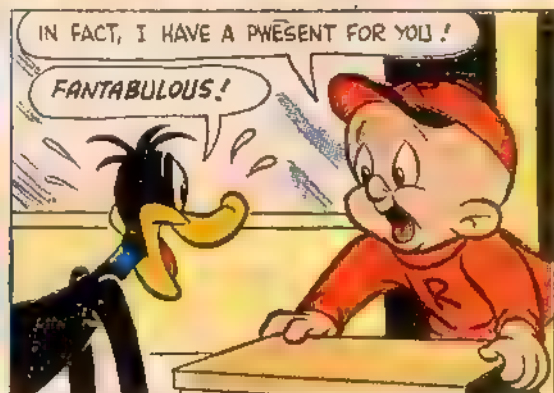
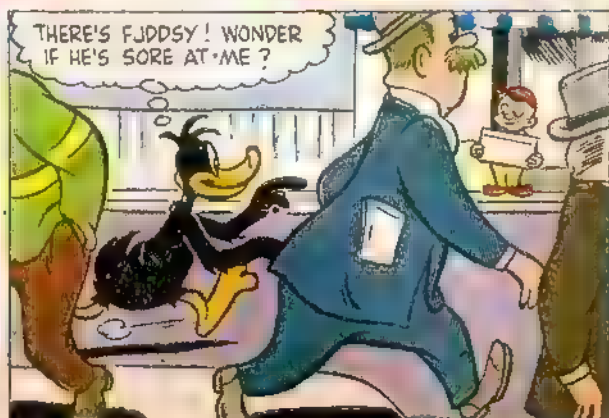
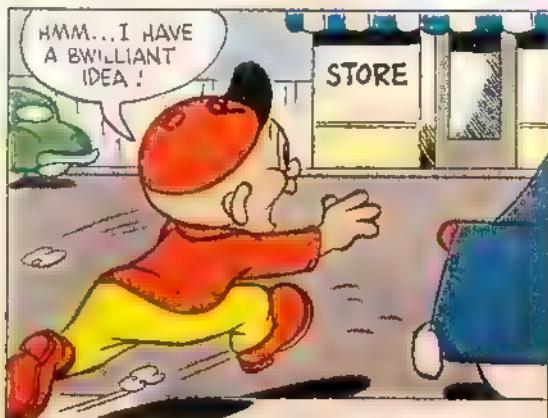












DAFFY DUCK

THE WEARISOME WAITER

FELLOW DUCKS, I HAVE CALLED YOU HERE TODAY TO LISTEN TO AN ANNOUNCEMENT OF HISTORIC INTEREST. AFTER DAYS OF DEEP CONCENTRATION AND MEDITATION, I HAVE MADE A HEROIC DECISION!

GOSH, WHAT IS IT, DAFFY?

YEAH, WHAT GIVES?

I AM GOING TO GET A JOB!

WHAT !? !?

UNBELIEVABLE!

I HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF! I'M OFF TO THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY RIGHT NOW!

GOOD LUCK, DAFFY, OLD MAN!

SUCH BRAVERY!

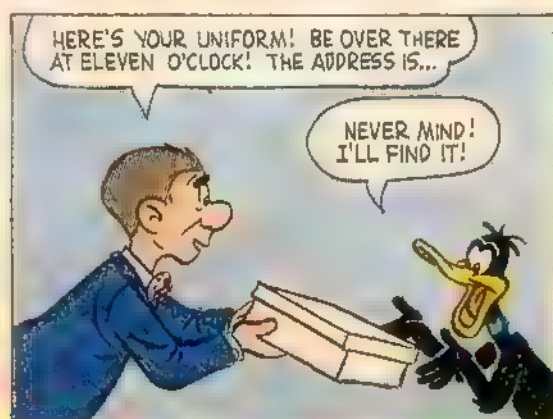
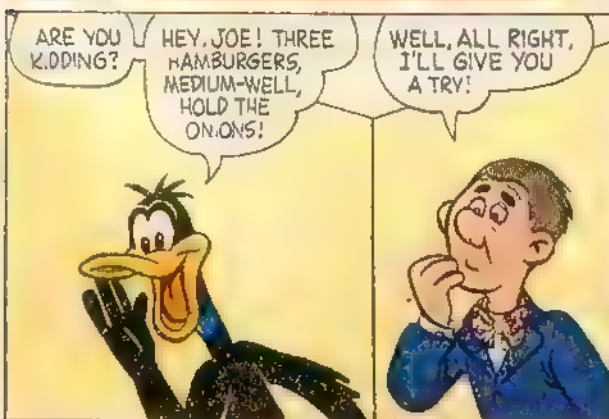
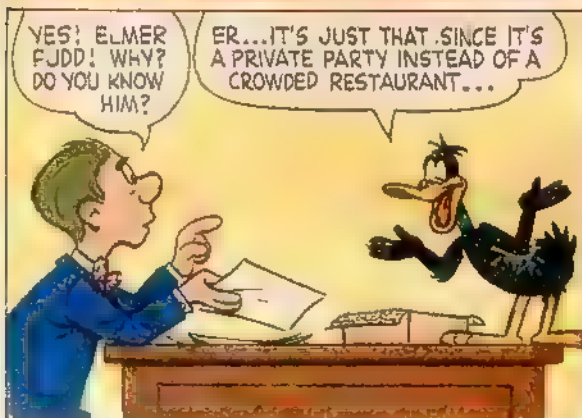
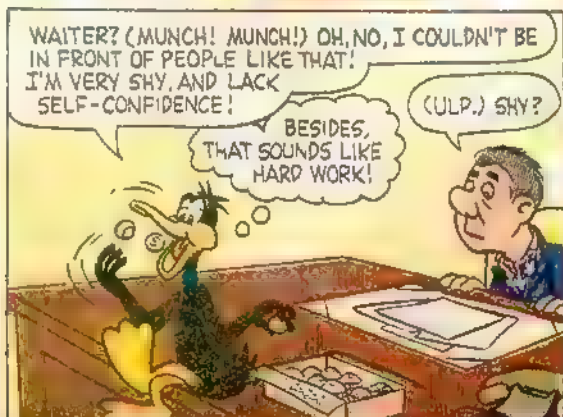
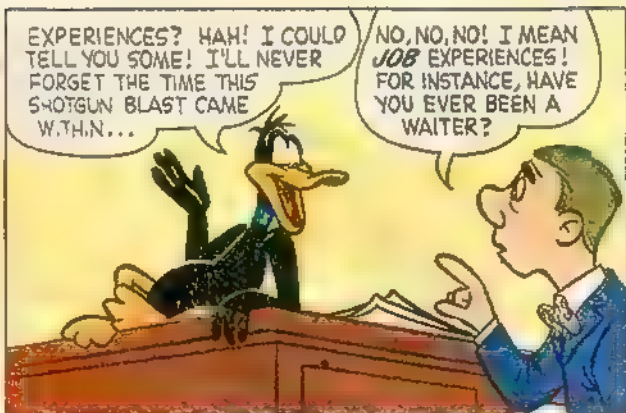
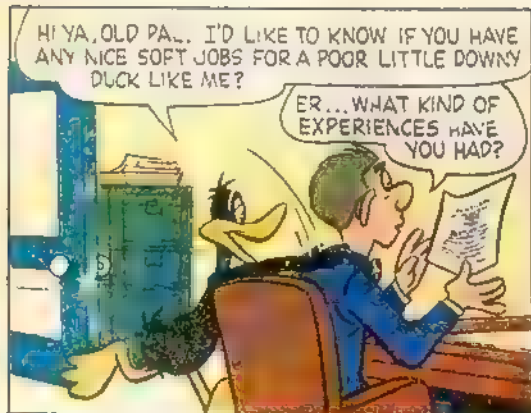
HEH, HEH! THE *TRUTH* IS, I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB BECAUSE I CAN'T GET NEAR ELMER FUDD'S ICEBOX SINCE HE BOUGHT THAT LONG-RANGE SHOTGUN!

SOON...

BRRRRR!

WHAT A HORRIBLE WORD... "EMPLOYMENT"! OH, WELL, WE ALL HAVE TO EAT... ESPECIALLY ME!

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY



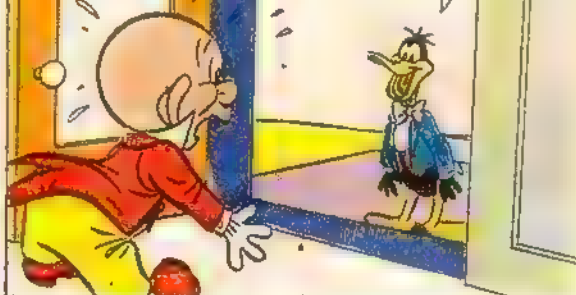
ELEVEN O'CLOCK...

IT'S AMAZING WHAT A JOB WILL DO FOR YOU! YESTERDAY, I WOULD HAVE BEEN AFRAID TO KNOCK AT OLD FUDDSY'S DOOR FOR FEAR OF BEING BLASTED BY HIS NEW SHOTGUN... AND LOOK AT ME NOW!



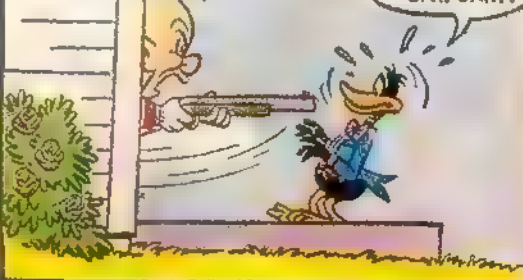
YES, WHAT... YOU!

IN THE FEATHERS: THRILLING, SN'T IT?



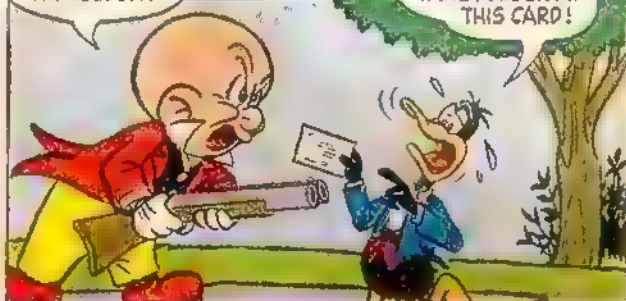
I KEEP MY NEW SHOTGUN RIGHT BESIDE THE DOOR, JUST IN CASE... AND THIS IS THE CASE!

Y.PE! WAIT A MINUTE, YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG! DON'T YOU SEE THE UNIFORM?



SO WHAT? IT'S JUST ANOTHER SNEAKY DISGUISE TO WORK YOUR WAY INTO MY CONFIDENCE AND MY ICEBOX!

NO, NO! I WAS SENT OVER BY THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS CARD!



OH, NO! WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS?

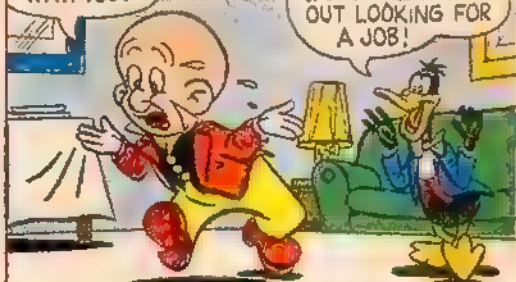
JUST LUCKY, I GUESS!

DEAR SIR;
THIS IS TO
INTRODUCE YOU
TO YOUR NEW
EMPLOYEE,
DAFFY DUCK.
SINCERELY,
JIFFY EMPLOYMENT SERV.



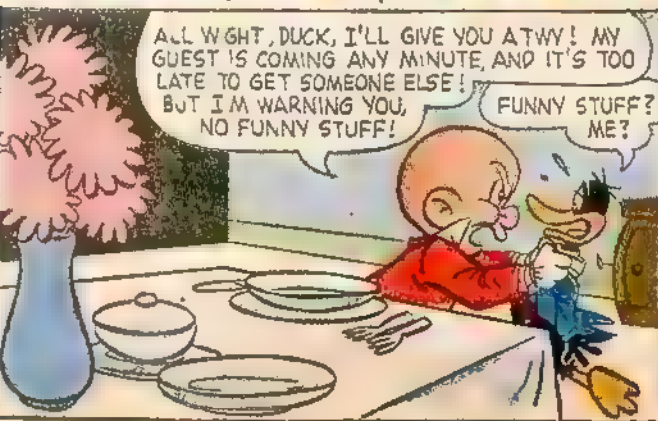
(SOB!) I'M EXPECTING A VEWY IMPORTANT GUEST, AND I WANTED TO IMPRESS HIM! NOW I GET STUCK WITH YOU!

DON'T WORRY, ELMER! I'VE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF! YOU CAN SEE I WENT OUT LOOKING FOR A JOB!



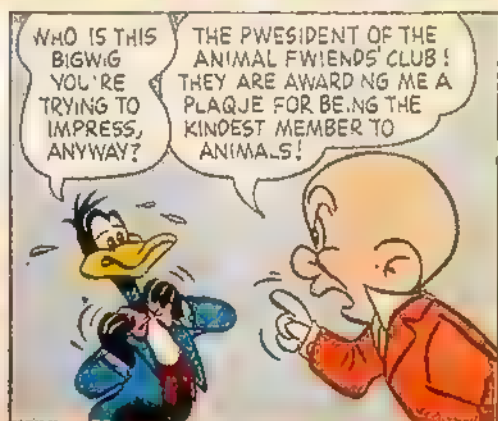
ALL RIGHT, DUCK, I'LL GIVE YOU A TWY! MY GUEST IS COMING ANY MINUTE, AND IT'S TOO LATE TO GET SOMEONE ELSE! BUT I'M WARNING YOU, NO FUNNY STUFF!

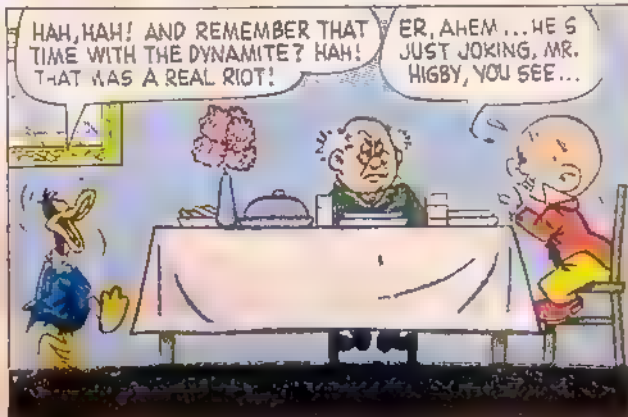
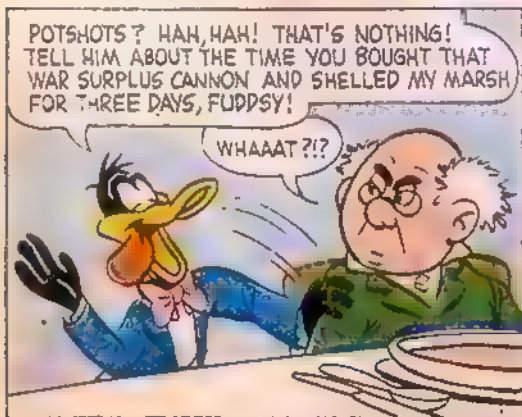
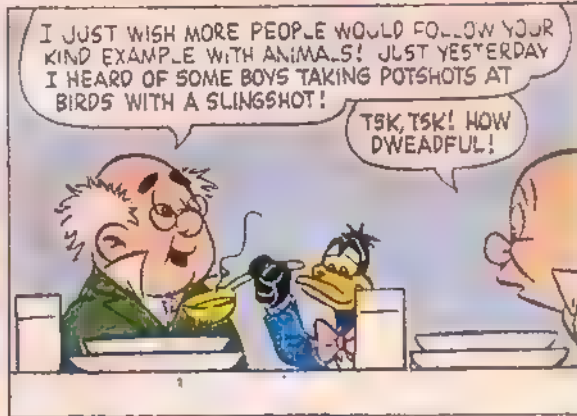
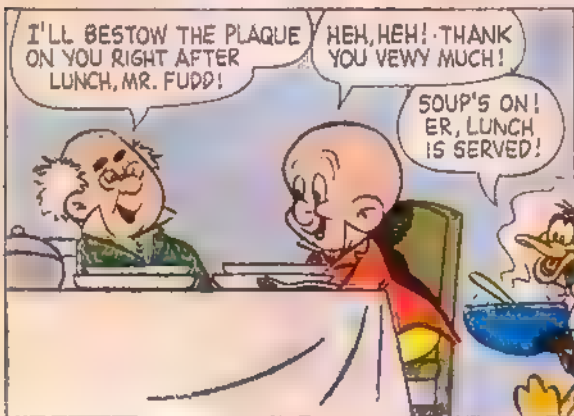
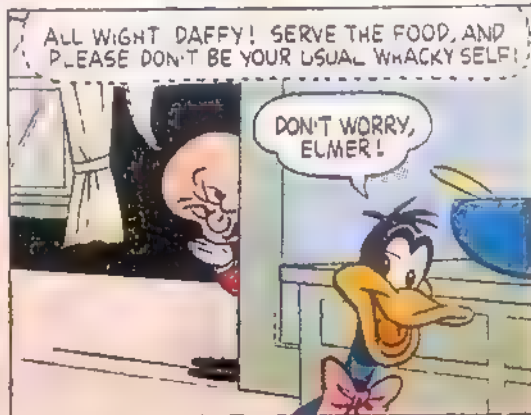
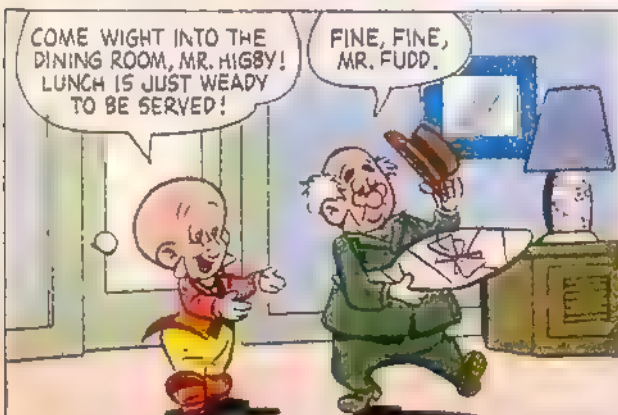
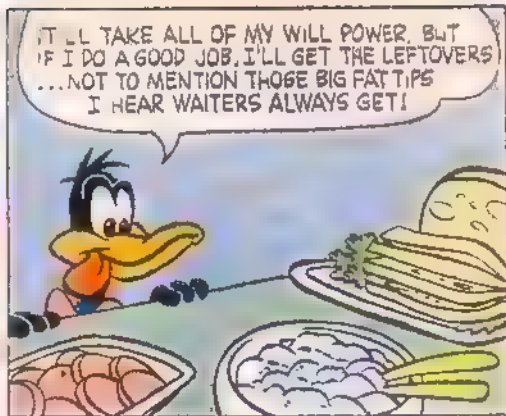
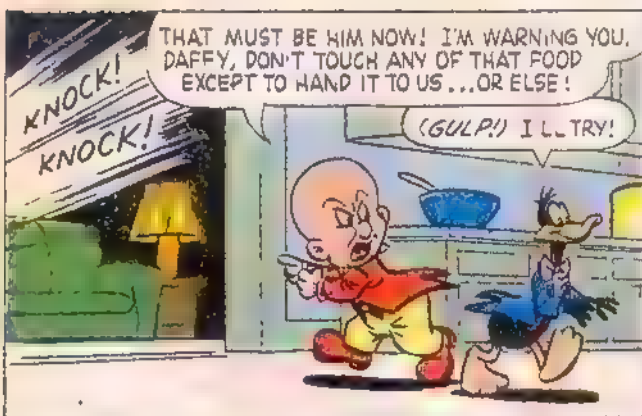
FUNNY STUFF? ME?

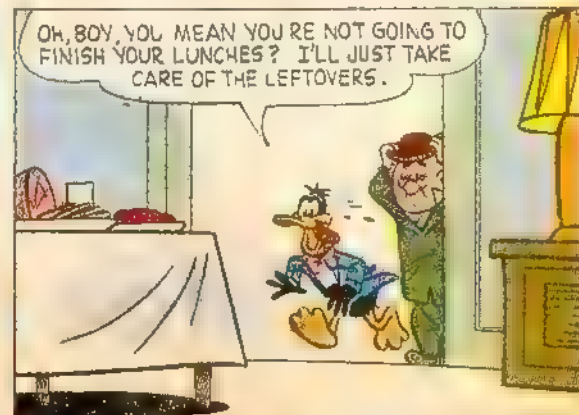
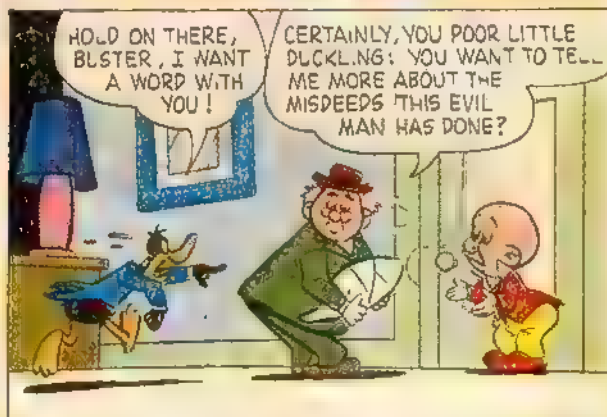
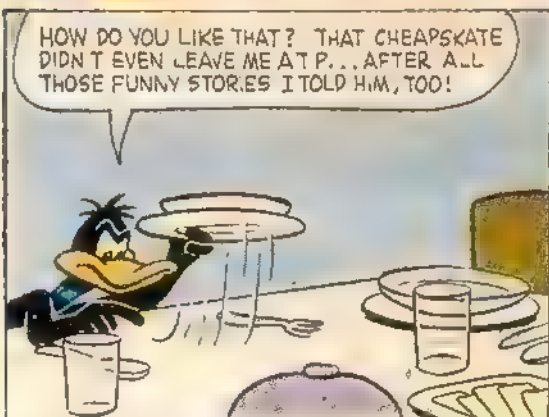
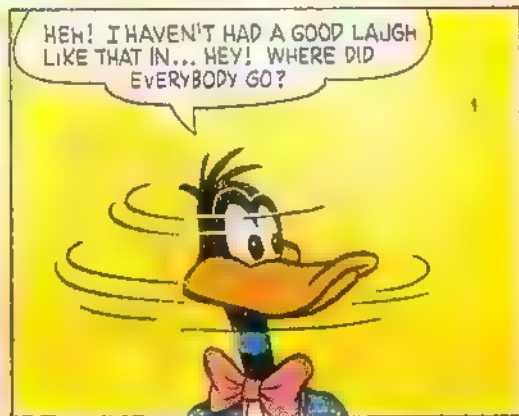
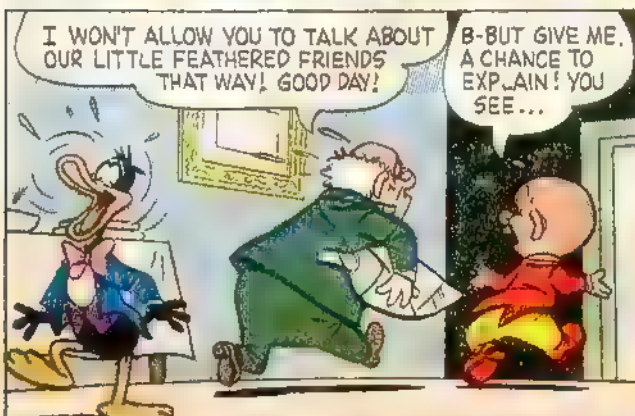
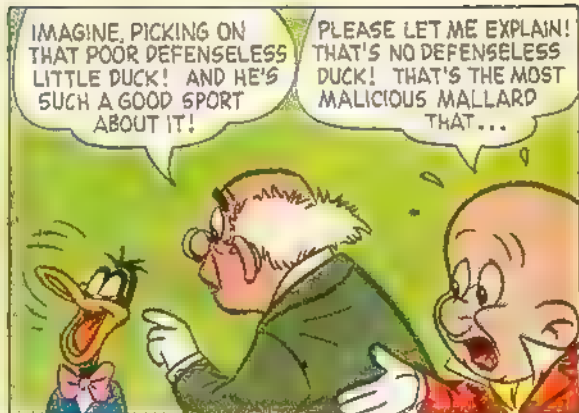
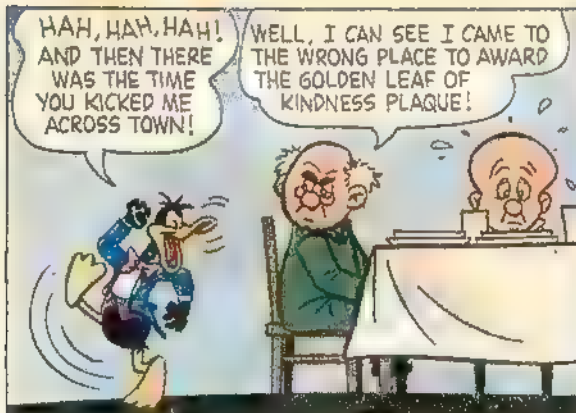


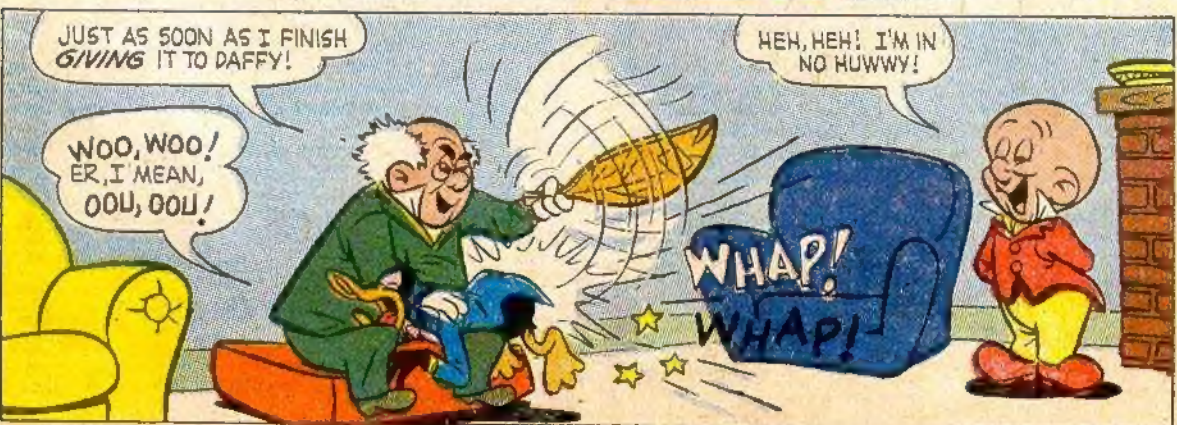
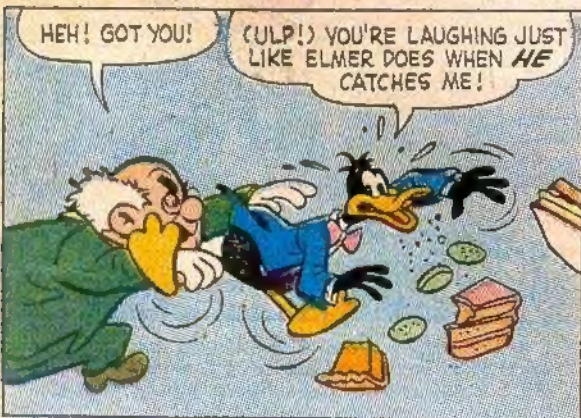
WHO IS THIS BIGWIG YOU'RE TRYING TO IMPRESS, ANYWAY?

THE PWESIDENT OF THE ANIMAL FWIENDS' CLUB! THEY ARE AWARD NG ME A PLAQUE FOR BEING THE KINDEST MEMBER TO ANIMALS!



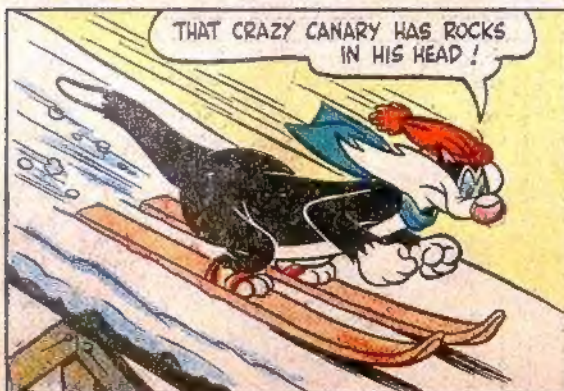






TWEETY and SYLVESTER

The BROKEN RECORD



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Daffy Duck published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1960.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

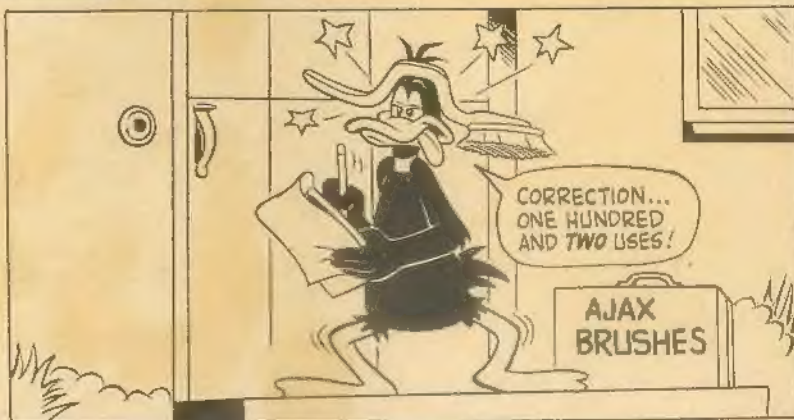
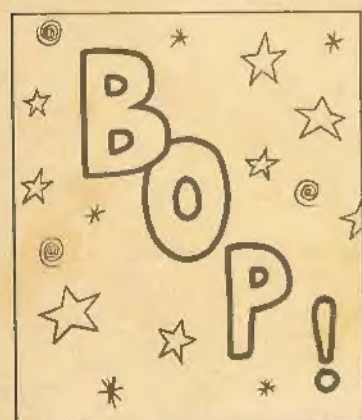
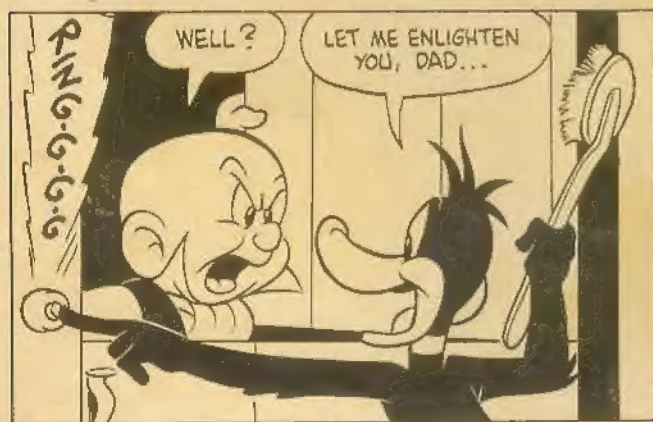
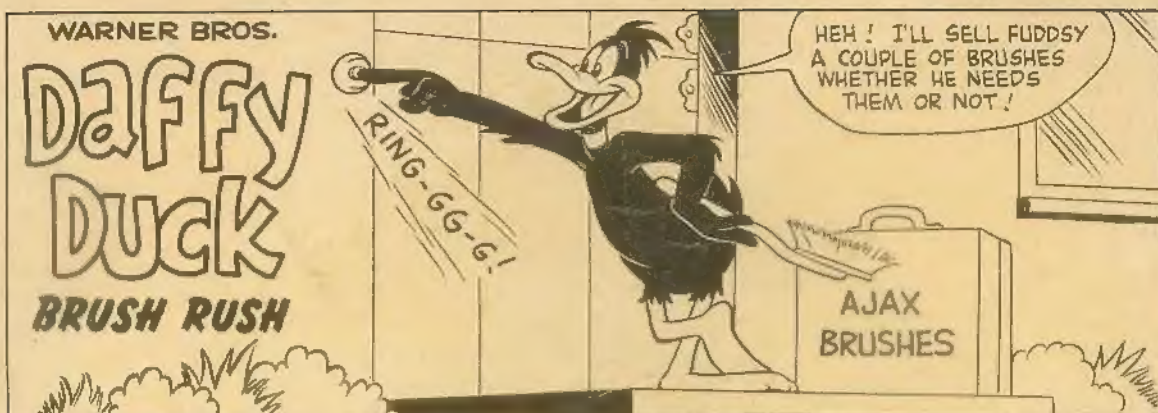
5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 328,698.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1960

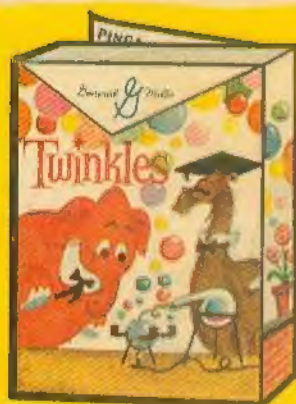
(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1962)

JOHN C. WEBER





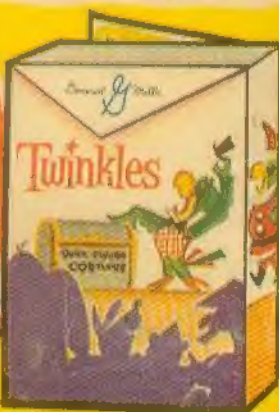
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF **Twinkles** on storybook packages of the delicious oat 'n corn cereal!



The time when the
magic bubbles turned
everyone into doubles . . .



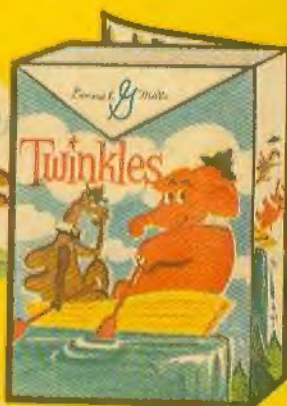
The funny antics of
Sanford the parrot who
told stories to the birds . . .



The day Twinkles went
to sea, and saved his
friends on the raft . . .



The camping trip that ended
with Twinkles having
his tail straightened . . .



You'll find exciting stories just like these on other packages of Twinkles — the star-shaped cereal in the storybook package! Here's a new breakfast cereal with a 3-page storybook right on the package! The story starts on the front, goes 'round the side—and to the back. Then tear the magic line and your storybook package zips open! You'll love the delicious taste of Twinkles—toasted little stars of energy oats 'n corn! Start your day the "storybook way" with tasty new *Twinkles*!

